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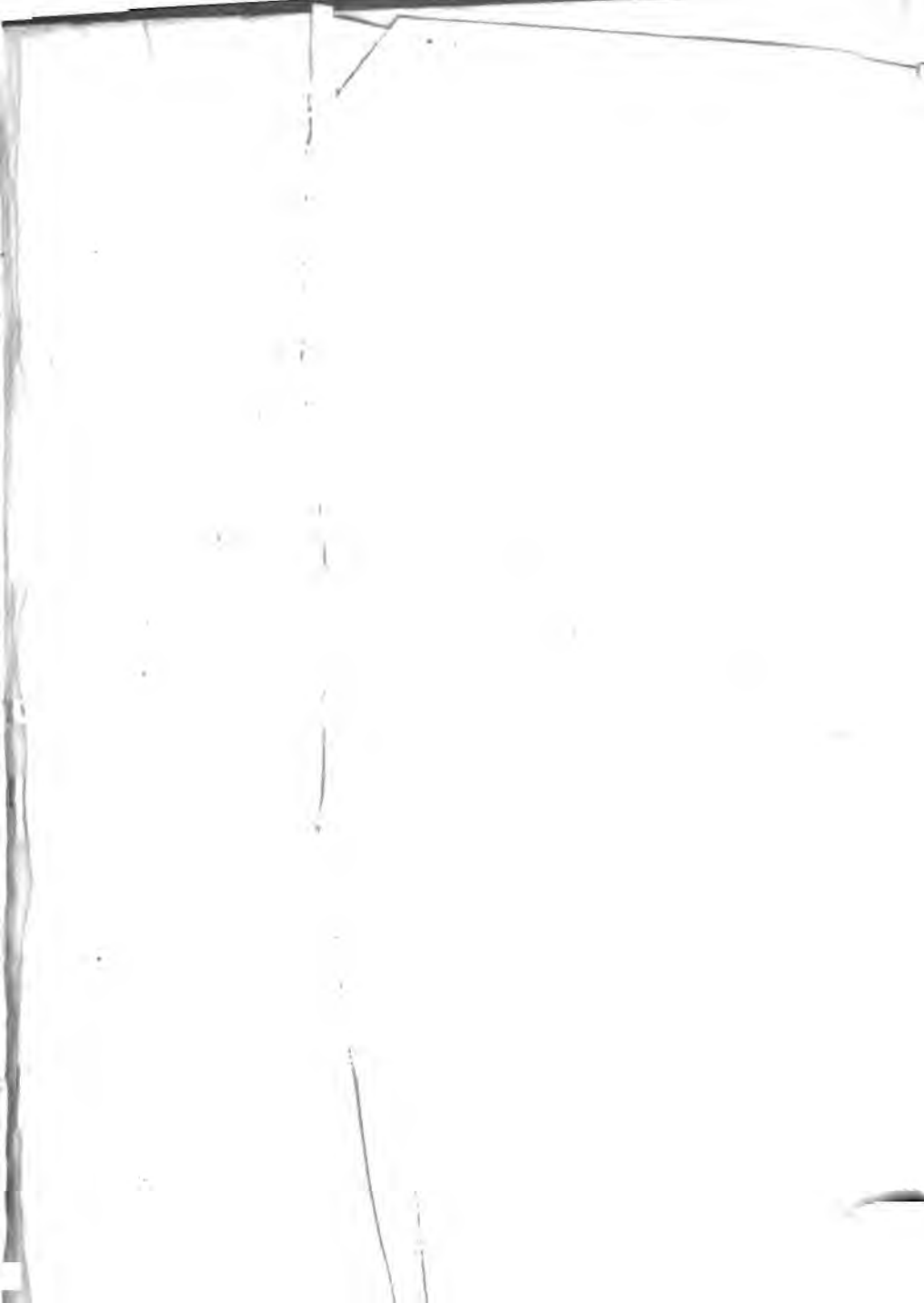
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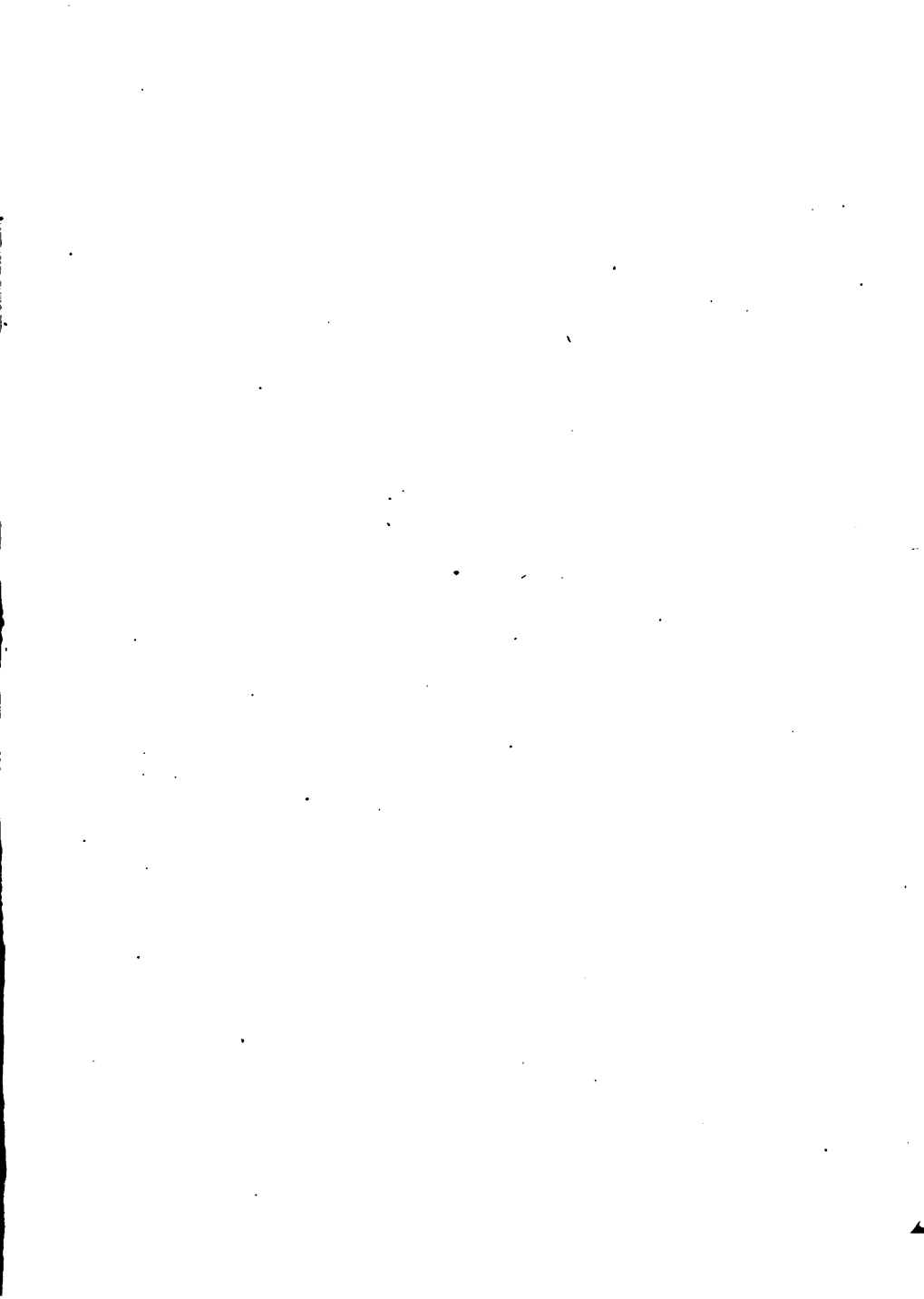
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THE
NURSERY

A MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNGEST READERS.

BY

FANNY P. SEEVERNS.

VOLUME III.

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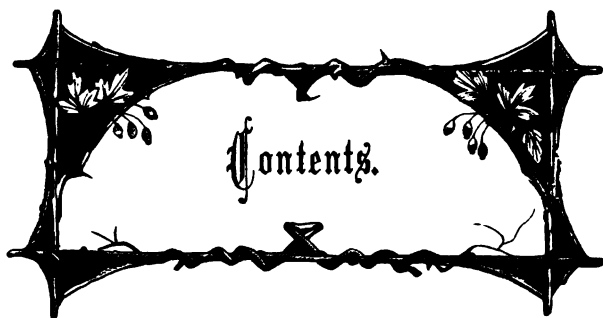
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THE GREAT SECRET.

WHAT could it have been about ?

Mary leaned her head against Bertha's, and whispered it close to her ear. Frisk was fast asleep on the floor. Of course, he could not hear; and he never would have told anybody if he had heard.

The doll-baby in the carriage could not talk; and even the doll Sophy, in her mother's arms, was too young to tell

tales. There was nobody else in the room. The secret must have been a *very* great secret indeed.

All that day — it was the day before Christmas — the two little girls kept it to themselves, giving each other very wise looks, and exchanging a great many whispers.

At night, as they were going to bed, it was hard work for Mary to keep it any longer. She came very near letting it all out to the nurse.

"Fanny," said she, "Bertha and I have planned such a sur—!"

"Hush!" said Bertha. "You must not tell."

"Fanny will promise not to tell," said Mary.

"Ah, yes! But a secret is a *secret*, you know," said Bertha.

So they went to bed without telling it. How they could have slept with such a great secret on their minds, I do not see. But they did sleep soundly, and woke up bright and early the next morning to find a good lot of Christmas presents.

I found out, soon after breakfast, what the great secret was. You must know that Bertha and Mary each had a bright gold dollar given them on their birthdays. They had had a good many plans about those gold dollars.

At first, they thought they would drop them into a little tin money-box, which they could not open, and then would keep dropping in more and more, and so save all their money for many years, until they got to be rich. But, on second thought, they gave up this plan.

"We shall be just like misers if we do that," said Bertha. "We don't want to be like misers."

"I tell you what," said Mary: "we will spend the money in candy. We can buy lots of splendid almond-candy for two dollars!"

Bertha was fond of candy; but she had a better plan in her head than this.

"Let us keep our money till Christmas," said she, "and then give it away in presents."

"Oh, yes!" said Mary. "That will be nicer even than almond-candy."

Now, the great secret had something to do with these gold dollars. This is the way it came out.

There was a little girl named Susan, about twelve years old, who went round selling needles and thread to earn a living for her poor sick mother. Bertha and Mary stood at the window on Christmas Day, watching for this little girl to pass by; and, when they saw her, they knocked on the window, and beckoned to her to come in.

"A merry Christmas to you, Susan!" said Bertha, seizing her right hand.

"Merry Christmas!" said Mary, taking her left hand.

"Now, Susan," said Bertha, "please shut your eyes and open your hands."

Then they put something into each of her hands.

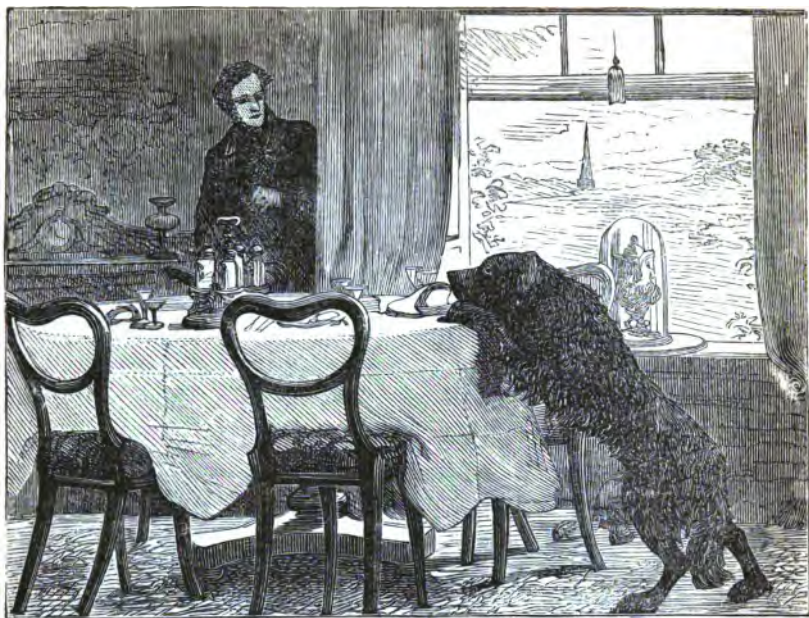
"Now," said Mary, "shut your hands and open your eyes."

And away they both ran, leaving Susan with the gold dollars in her hands, and tears in her eyes; for she was so pleased, that she could not help crying.

Then I knew very well that the plan of this pleasant surprise was Mary and Bertha's "great secret."

IDA FAY.





WHO IS THE THIEF ?

WHEN I was a boy, my mother took into the house a small girl, to run of errands and to pick peas. The name of this girl was Sarah. She was not more than twelve years old.

The parents of Sarah were quite poor. They lived not far from our house ; and, when we gave Sarah any thing good to eat, she would want to run and take it to her father or mother.

One fine day in June, my mother called up Mary, the girl who used to set the table, and said, "Mary, why have you forgotten to put the bread in the napkins by the side of the plates on the dinner-table ?"

"I am sure, ma'am," said Mary, "I put the rolls of bread by every plate not half an hour ago."

"It is strange that they are not there now," said my mother. "Put on some more bread at once."

The next day, it was rainy; but, the day after that, the sky was blue, and the sun bright. Again my mother called up Mary, and said, "What does this mean? There is no bread on the table to-day."

"Well, ma'am, that beats all!" cried Mary. "With my own hands I put the bread at every plate not five minutes ago!"

"Who do you think has taken it?" asked my mother.

"Indeed, ma'am, I can't say for certain," replied Mary; "but I can guess who does it. I think the thief wears a blue calico dress."

"Do you mean to say that Sarah takes the bread?"

"What becomes of all the cake and pie we give her, ma'am? Off it goes to her folks the first chance. Not a bit will that child eat."

"I will not think," said my mother, "that so good a daughter can be a thief."

"Wait and see, ma'am," said Mary.

At the dinner-table, my mother told my father of the loss of the bread, and added, "Mary thinks that Sarah is the thief."

"No, she isn't," said my father. "She hasn't the look of a thief. The girl or boy who does mean things soon shows it in the face. Was the bread stolen that day it rained?"

"No: the two times we have lost it the day has been fair."

"And the window was open both those days, was it not?"

"Yes; but what has that to do with the theft?"

"I will watch to-morrow, and then I will let you know."

So the next day, after the dinner-table was set, my father

stood behind the door, and watched. The day was fair, and the window was open.

By and by, the head of a large dog appeared at the window. He looked round, saw no one, and leaped in. He went to each plate, took the roll of bread and ate it, but did not disturb the table.

My father went to the window and shut it, and there the thief was caught. A noble dog, but thin and hungry. My mother and I came in and saw him.

No owner could be found for the dog ; so we kept him, and fed him, and after that he did not steal. We called him Bruno.

As for Sarah, my father gave orders that she should have a nice plate of food every day to take to her father and mother.

UNCLE CHARLES.



THE SPIDER.

I WILL tell you what my little niece Mary found out about the spider. She learnt it all from books, and told it to me as I now tell it to you.

The spider is very greed'y and very cun'ning. In less than one day, he will eat more than twenty times his weight. If a little boy should get up in the morning, and eat a fat pig, and ten tur'keys ; and then, about noon, eat a few more pigs ; and, before he went to bed, eat a sheep or two, — he would not do more, ac-cord'ing to his size, than the spider can do.

The spider makes his web so that he may catch flies, moths, and such small things. But, if a bee or a wasp gets caught in his web, he will run and help him to break away ; for he does not quite like the ways of bees and wasps.

The spider's eyes are bright: sometimes he has six or eight of them. He can smell, hear, and taste. Once a year, he changes his skin, and has a new set of legs. If one of his limbs gets torn off, he does not mind it much: it will soon grow again.



He has eight legs; and these are joint'ed like a crab's, and have claws at the ends. He has two short fore-arms, with which to hold his prey.

He knows when there is to be a change of weath'er. By watch'ing his hab'its, we can learn to fore-tell a great storm or a great frost. He goes out of his web when rain or a bad storm sets in.

A spider may be tamed. A man in prison once tamed a spider, so that it would come and eat out of his hand.

I will tell you a story in which a spider plays a part. There was once a young prince, who said, that, if he had the power, he would kill all the spiders and all the flies in the world.

One day, after a great fight, this prince had to hide from his foes. He ran into a wood; and there, under a tree, he lay down and fell asleep.

One of his foes passed by, saw him, and, with his drawn sword in his hand, was creeping up to him to kill him, when all at once a fly stung the prince on his lip, and woke him. He sprang to his feet, and the foe ran off.

That night the prince hid himself in a cave in the same wood. In the night, a spider wove her web across the entrance of the cave.

Two men, who were in search of the prince that they might kill him, passed the cave in the morning; and the prince heard what they said.

"Look!" cried one of them. "He must be hid in this cave."

"No," said the other, "that cannot be; for, if he had gone in there, he would have brushed down that spider's web."

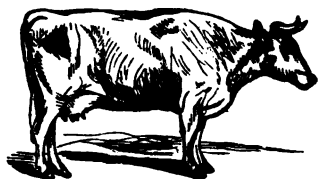
And so the men passed on, and did not try to look in the cave.

As soon as they were out of sight, the prince thought how his life had been saved, one day by a fly, and the next day by a spider!

He raised his eyes and his hands to heaven, and made a prayer of thanks to God. He prayed, that, where he could not see why God had given life to this ugly thing and to that, he might learn to trust in God, and to wait for more light.

EMILY CARTER.





HOW THE COW MADE PEACE.

WE are told that cows do not know as much as dogs and cats; but to-day I saw a cow do something that I thought showed a good deal of sense. I must tell you of it while it is fresh in my mind. I give you my word that it is true.

The cow's name is Flora. She is white and red. She is quite tame, and will stand still while I milk her; for I am a farm'er's wife, and, when we have no girl to help us, I milk the cows.

Well, as I sat at my win'dow this morn'ing, with the baby in my arms, I saw Flora near by in the yard, feeding on husks. The hens were out too, and they were having a good time; for it was a fine, clear day.

By and by a little white roost'er came strut'ting up as proud as a prince. He scratched with his feet, and made the hens think he had found a worm or a bug; so that they all came run'ning to him to see what it was. But it was noth'ing at all. This proud little roost'er was boast'ing of what he did not have.

Now, there was another little rooster in the yard, — a red rooster; and he did not like to see the white one get'ting the no'tice of the hens by making them think he had found a worm or a bug when he had done no such thing.

So the little red roost'er ran up to drive the white one from the yard; but the white one, though he was so proud,

was not quite a cow'ard. He stood his ground, and would not run.

Then the two began to fight. Oh! how they did fight! It was sad to see them peck at each oth'er with their sharp bills, and strike at each other's comb, while their feath'ers would rise, and they would swell and look fierce with rage.

All at once the old cow stopped chew'ing, and seemed to take no'tice of the fight. Then she left her husks, and went up to the two birds, and put her head between them to part them, as if she were say'ing, "Stop this, you bad little fowls! Can you not live in peace? Do you not know it is wrong to quar'el in this way? I will not have such doings in this yard. Stop, I say!"

But the roost'ers were too fierce and mad to mind the cow much. They could fight under her neck, and be-tween her legs; and this they did: and then she tried to part them a second time with her head.

But she might as well have tried to part two bull-dogs. The little roost'ers would not mind the good cow's wish to make peace. At it they rushed once more, more fierce than ever.

Then I think the good cow must have lost patience, and felt like saying to them, "You bad little fowls, if I can-not make you stop that by mild means, I know a way not so mild, that I will try."

So the cow, all at once, put her horns under the two little roosters, and lifted them both from their feet: and this parted them, and scared them so much, that they ran off, one to the barn, and one to the bushes; so that the great fight came to an end.

The cow looked after them till she was sure there would be no more fight'ing; and then she went back to her husks, and fin'ished her break'fast in peace.

NORA'S MOTHER.



THE BIRDS' PARTY.

THE birds gave a party one bright summer day :
It was held in a meadow of newly-mown hay,
Close by an old orchard, where apples of June
Kept the throats of the choristers sweetly in tune.

A hedge of wild roses this meadow concealed
From the farmers at work in the neighboring field ;
While the hum of the bees, and the murmuring brook,
Made a paradise quite of this dear little nook.

The sweet MEADOW LARK was the hostess that day,
Of manners so gentle, and temper so gay !
Though 'tis whispered discreetly, half-earnest, half-fun,
That her graces were learned at the Court of the Sun.

The first to arrive was the CARRIER DOVE:
She bore the regrets of her friends at the grove, —
The POUTERS and NUNS, — who had serious reason
To give for thus slighting "the ball of the season."

Next came in COCK ROBIN with sweet JENNIE WREN ;
The BLACKBIRDS, a family-party of ten ;
The THRUSHES in brown, and the JAY-BIRD in blue,
With gay BOBOLINKUM, who makes such ado !

In strutted the PEACOCK, a vain, gaudy bird,
And rendered himself by his airs quite absurd ;
But the DAWS, in a corner, just whispered together,
And soon the poor creature had scarcely a feather.

On a high mossy rock which o'ershadowed the gate,
The BALDHEADED EAGLE was seated in state,
And bore a broad ribbon, on which was descried
E PLURIBUS UNUM, — America's pride.

In a bower of ivy, screened off from the day,
The OWL and the BAT dozed the morning away ;
While the WOODPECKER's tap, and the CATBIRD's wild scream,
Failed to rouse the dull souls from their indolent dream.

The KINGBIRD and suite next appeared, I am told,
With the ORIOLE, dressed all in velvet and gold ;
And the CARDINAL thought it no shame to be seen
In humble attendance upon the gay queen.

They danced and they flirted, they twittered and sang,
Till the neighboring woods with their merriment rang ;
And, seated on couches by Nature designed,
On the sweetest of berries they daintily dined.

The tables were cleared ; and in bumpers of dew
Many healths had been given, when over them flew
A pert little sparrow whom nobody knew.
"Farmer Seedwell !" he cries : "ladies, fly for your lives."
Then into a thicket of roses he dives.
The birds gave a flutter ; and off they all flew,
Without ever bidding their hostess adieu !



A FIRE IN THE WOODS.

THE oth'er day we saw smoke rising a-bove the tall pines be-yond our big corn-field. My father said that the woods must be on fire. The smoke grew darker, and spread and spread, till it be-came like a great black cloud.

I wanted to go and see the fire ; but my father said that it must be a long way off, though it looked so near, and that I could not go alone. He was busy, and could not go with me then.

At night, the sky and clouds were lit up by the fire, as if a city were burning. It was grand !

The next day we all went through the for'est to the place where the fire was burn'ing. There had been a show'er of rain, and the leaves and pine-straw were now too wet to burn well ; so that the fire was part'ly stopped : but it was still roar'ing in the big pine logs and stumps, and in the dead trees.

The woods were full of smoke. We walked o'ver the black'ened ground where the fire had burned up all the dead, dry leaves and small bushes, and wilt'ed and scorched the green trees.

All the pret'ty blue wood-as'ters and sweet gold'en-rods, so plen'ty in the woods be'fore, were gone. The gay but'ter-flies must, I think, have all got burned up too.

I won'der what the gray squirrels did when the woods be'gan to be filled with smoke, and when they saw the fire creep'ing and crack'ling along towards where they were hunt'ing so gay'ly for the sweet hick'o-ry-nuts.

Per-haps they ran quick'ly up into the tops of the tall pines, where the fire could not reach them.

I do not know how this fire got into the woods. It may be that some care'less freed'man hap'ened to drop some fire from his pipe among the dry leaves.

Once, as my father tells me, a little boy and his sis'ter, who lived near a great for'est, were left by their parents in the care of an old negro woman.

These children were play'ing at the edge of the woods. The woman, in-steed of mind'ing them, as she ought to have done, fell asleep un'der a tree ; so the chil'dren, when they got tired of pick'ing up a'corn-cups and roll'ing in the leaves, thought it would be fine sport to kin'dle a fire, and roast some a'corns, and play get'ting din'ner.

They went to the house and got some live coals, and soon had a nice fire of dry sticks. They enjoyed the fun very much.

While they were talk'ing and laugh'ing, and get'ting more sticks to keep up the fire, it caught in some dry leaves near by ; and, as the wind was blowing, the flames soon spread be'tween the children and their home.

The children tried to get round the fire so as to run to the house ; but the smoke blind'ed their eyes, and they were near being caught by the flames.

At last their screams woke the la'zy old "aunt'y." She rushed through the smoke, and was just in time to save the little girl and boy from being burned to death.

It is dangerous for chil'dren to play with fire in the woods as well as in the cit'y.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

THE north winds blow
O'er drifts of snow :
Out in the cold who goes from here ?
"Good-by, Good-by!"
Loud voices cry.
"Good-by!" returns the brave Old Year;
But, looking back, what word leaves he ?
"Oh, you must all good children be !"

A knock, a knock !
'Tis twelve o'clock !
This time of night, pray, who comes here ?
Oh, now I see !
'Tis he ! 'tis he !
All people know the glad New Year !
What has he brought ? and what says he ?
"Oh, you must all good children be !"

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

A LITTLE GIRL'S PETS.

WERE you ever on a mountain ? I have been ; and I know a young lady who lived on the top of a mountain all the time that she was a baby and a little girl.

Her name is Fanny ; and, when she was a child, she had large dark eyes, and long curls that reached below her shoulders. When she was quite a little girl, she had a big brown dog called Bess.

Fanny and Bess were always together, and were very fond

of each other. Sometimes Fanny was naughty, and her mother sent her to her chamber to stay alone. One day she was sent, and she sat and cried: it was warm weather, and the window was open.

By and by Bess was heard running round and round the house; and presently she darted in at the door, and bounded up stairs to little Fanny's door, who heard her, and let her in.

Then Bess looked up at Fanny with her great sober eyes, as if to say, "What is the matter?" And Fanny sat on the floor beside her, and put her arms around her neck, and told her all about being sent up stairs for being naughty.

While she was speaking, the dog sat quite still and listened; but when she had finished her story, and began to cry, Bess threw back her head, and whined and howled till she could be heard all over the house.

After that, whenever Fanny was sent to her chamber, she used to open the window so that Bess could hear her cry; and the brown dog was sure to come to pity her.

Fanny had a little fox for a pet: his name was *Foxy*; and very pretty he was, too, with a fresh blue ribbon on his neck every morning. He had a bark that sounded more like a laugh; and, very early in the morning, he would come out in front of the house, and laugh in his queer way, to let them know he was out.

When he was a little fox, he was fed on sponge-cake and milk, and Fanny was careful not to let him taste chicken bones. But by and by he got a taste; and then people in the village at the foot of the mountain began to miss their chickens.

Foxy used to be up as early as ever; but at breakfast-time he would be missing, and, when he came home later every morning, he had no appetite for breakfast. At last he was caught killing a chicken; and so one of the men had to shoot Foxy.



RECOLLECTIONS OF SUMMER.

ELLEN and Ruth sat on the sofa in the nice warm room where their father kept his books. A fire burnt in the grate; but, out of doors, the wind blew hard, and the snow beat against the windows.

“Don’t you remember,” said Ruth, “when we used to work in our little garden, with the watering-pot and the rake?”

“Yes,” said Ellen; “and don’t you remember how I used to get my little basket full of flowers, and bring them in, and fix them in a vase, and then put them on father’s table?”

“Yes; and then we would go and rake hay in the fields where the men had been mowing. How sweet the hay used to smell! Oh, I do not like the winter at all!”

“Do not say so, Ruth! Think how much that is sweet the winter brings us. We can slide on the ice; we can drag our little sleds; and we are to have, each of us, a pair of

skates soon. It was only the other day I heard you say you were glad to see the snow."

"It is very odd, Ellen; but in winter, when I think of summer, I like the summer best; and in summer, when I think of winter, I like the winter best."

"That shows, my dear little Ruth, that God, who gives us winter and summer, and autumn and spring, knows best what is good for us. Our true way is to be content with every season as it comes, and not to keep finding fault with the weather."

"Yes, that is the true way," said Ruth; "and, though it is so dark and stormy out of doors now, we can sit here before this nice, cheerful fire, and read our good books, and look at pictures of the summer-time, till we almost feel as if we were plucking flowers and raking hay once more."

ANNA LIVINGSTON.



A DIALOGUE FOR GEORGE AND FRANK.

GEORGE.

SOMEBODY'S been in the garden,
Nipping the blossoms fair :
All the green leaves are blackened —
Who do you think was there ?

FRANK.

Somebody's been in the forest,
Cracking the chestnut-burrs :
Who is it dropping the chestnuts
Whenever a light wind stirs ?

GEORGE.

Somebody's been at the windows,
Marking on every pane:
Who made the delicate drawings
Of lace-work and moss and grain?

FRANK.

Somebody's all the time working
Out on the pond so blue,
Bridging it over with crystal, —
Now can you tell me who?

GEORGE.

While he is building his bridges
We will patiently wait;
And, when he has them all finished,
Then we will slide and skate.

FRANK.

And I will hurrah, and you will hurrah —

GEORGE.

And we both will hurrah —
For Jack Frost!

H. W.





JUST FIVE MONTHS' OLD.

Out of doors 'tis snowing,
And the day is chilly ;
In my little parlor
All is bright and sunny.
Do you know what makes it
All so bright and sunny
In my little parlor
While the sky is cloudy ?

I will tell you truly :
Nora is the sunbeam
Lighting up my parlor
While without 'tis snowing.
Not six months has Nora
In this world been living,
But a dearer baby
Never blessed a mother.

True she tore the ribbons
From her silken bonnet ;
Came so near to falling
That she scared me badly ;

With her little fingers
Almost put my eyes out :
Still, I miss no sunshine
While I have my Nora.

NORA'S MOTHER.



THE GREAT FRENCH SHOW OF 1867.

I AM a little American boy, and I am in Europe. My father takes "The Nation," and I take "The Nursery." My little magazine comes to the great bankers, the Barings, in London. I think their little boys and girls would like to read it; but they send it to me all sealed up.

And I am so happy when I get a new number! I open it myself. First I look at all the pictures; and then my

mother reads me a story every night before I go to bed, for I cannot read myself yet.

But I would like to tell my little friends at home about some of the things I have seen here. I think they would like best of all to hear about the great show in Paris, or the great "exposition," as the French called it. All sorts of things were sent there from all parts of the world.

There were organs and pianos, and pictures and statues, and machines and carriages, and glass and china and clocks, and jewels and silks and laces, and more things than I could tell you about in a week.

I liked very much some figures of people from distant countries. I suppose the live men and women could not come so far as Paris; and so they sent these figures, which looked just as if they could speak to you, they were so life-like.

There was a man wrapped in furs, sitting on a low sledge drawn by reindeer with big horns. By his side was a man with snow-shoes on, a yard long, made so that he might not sink in the snow as he walked. I suppose they were Laplanders.

Then there was a Swedish woman, knitting away, with a baby tied on her back, and an old man leaning on a cane by her side; and there were some peasants from Norway, who wore wooden shoes; and there was one cunning little girl: and they looked all but alive. I liked these figures very much.

I also liked some pretty models of steamboats, with a screw, instead of paddle-wheels, to make them go. And there was a great blow-pipe to make a blast of air: and there was a machine for making paper collars; put it in motion, and out came a collar.

Then there was a machine for making chocolate; and,

when the chocolate was made, the machine wrapped it up in papers. My father explained it all to me. Such a noise as they all made! Click, click! buzz, buzz!

We walked round in a gallery, and looked down upon them all. The outer row seemed to be for great things,—for engines, steam-carriages, and machines. Then came a row all round of what they called raw things,—great blocks of stone and coal, and great tall corn and grain, and a doorway of trunks of trees cut across, and lots of things in bottles and cases.

Then came a circle of manufactured things; and here were things made of china-ware, also splendid great chandeliers, things made of glass and porcelain, costly clocks, and one mirror as large as the side of a house.

A row of things to wear came next,—shawls, cloaks, and dresses; cloths of many kinds,—of woollen, cotton, silk, satin, and velvet, with showy ribbons and cords. Here was some raw silk: even the silk-worms that make the silk were to be seen.



Some pictures I liked very much. One of a man on horseback, in a white jacket, and with a green feather in his hat, was very handsome. Here, too, were beautiful statues, and one of Napoleon, which got the first prize.

The sixth and last row was made up of old things, such as were in use long, long ago.

In the middle of the building was an oval garden; and from this you could look up and see which was the French, which the American, and which the Russian department,

and so on. You must know that each country had a share of these galleries, and there were six of them. There was a place where you could see the money of all the different countries.

Outside of all was a garden full of beautiful things. We went to get something to eat; and at a Russian place, where they were dressed very gay, we asked for *bifky*, and it was our own *beefsteak* after all!

If you like my letter well enough to print it, I will send you another.

CHARLIE.



SOMEBODY'S COMING.

KRIS Kringle is coming,

Kris Kringle is coming,

Kris Kringle is coming to town!

He wears a big pack

On the top of his back,

And looks like a funny old clown.

Now wait just a minute:

I'll tell what is in it,

Then won't your eyes sparkle with joy!

There's something with curls

For good little girls,

And something as nice for each boy.

There are flaxen-haired dollies,

And all sorts of follies,

To please little folks Christmas Day;

There are gay horses prancing,

And Dandy Jacks dancing,

And every thing fitted for play.

From Kris Kringle's chin

Hangs a plenty of tin, —

Tin trumpets and watches and drums;

Noah's ark painted red,

A little doll's bed,

And soldiers with very big guns.

From out of his pockets

He'll take sugar lockets

And candies, all red, white, and blue;

And there will be kisses

For nice little misses,

And sweetmeats in plenty for you.

Oh! won't there be funning,

And laughing and running,

When little folks peep in their hose,

And pull out the candy,

And every thing handy, —

Stuffed full to the end of the toes!

Then hang up your stockings!

Oh! won't there be knockings

When Kris Kringle enters the town!

He wears a big pack

On the top of his back,

And looks like a funny old clown!

AUNT CLARA.



HOW THE SNOW-BIRDS COME TO BE FED.

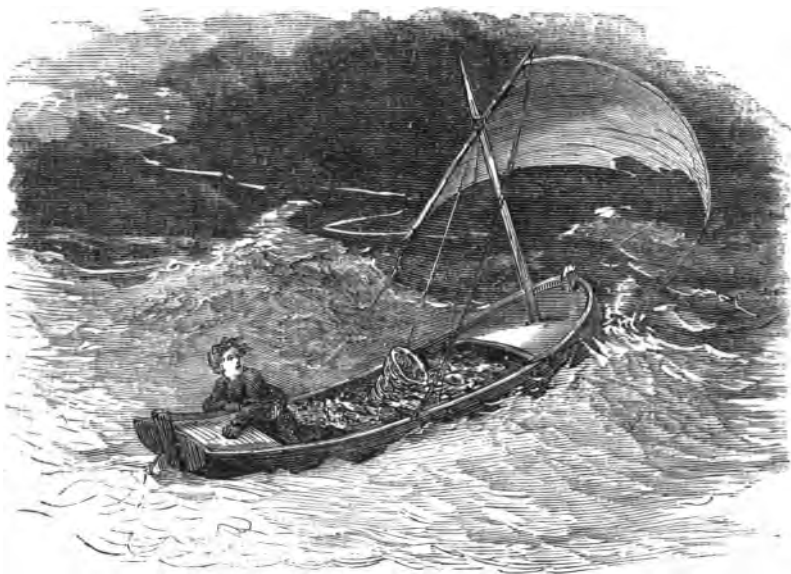
WHEN the snow is on the ground, a flock of small birds come to us from the north to get things to eat. They come just be-fore a storm, and they stay till the days grow warm; and then off they go, for they like the cold and the snow.

Ruth feeds these small birds with bird-seed, and with crumbs of bread. She fills a small bas-ket with seed, and puts it on the twig of a tree, and then looks to see the birds come and feed.

When the air is full of snow, these birds will come; and they will be so glad to get the seed, that they will play and hop and have a good time. I do not like to see them fight; but, small as they are, they will at times fight.

One will come and try to drive off a bird from the seed, and the other will fight to stay. But it is more a play than a fight, for they do not do much harm.

When Ruth sees the snow-birds come to her tree, she says, "I think we shall have a snow-storm soon, for my birds are here." They seem to know Ruth now, she is so kind to them. They do not fear her, but come and peck at the glass, as if to say, "We want some seed! Please give us some seed!"



THE FISHER-BOY.

WILLY, the fisher-boy, has not come back :
The waves rise and foam, and the sky it is black.
His mother, a widow, looks out from her door,
And sees the clouds thicken, and hears the wind roar.

“ O Willy ! ” she cries, “ can your poor little boat
Out at sea, while the storm is so wild, keep afloat ?
My dear little fisher-boy, toiling for me, —
May God bring you safe from the rage of the sea !

“ Oh ! surely a mother might better have known
Than to let you go forth in your skiff all alone !
Come back, my own Willy, come back to our home,
Or my heart it will break as I look on the foam.”

Sick with fear the poor mother runs down to the beach :
The sea-birds fly round her ; they wheel and they screech ;
The wind tears the leaves from the tree on the cliff
As she peers through the gloom for a sight of the skiff

She gazes, she prays for her fisher-boy brave :
Ah ! what sees she there on the ridge of a wave ?
A skiff ! — now 'tis sinking — and in it a boy !
It rises again ! — he is coming — Oh, joy !

Yes, her dear little Willy has weathered the storm ;
Through the mist of the spray she can see his slight form :
He steers his small skiff up the sand of the bay ;
He jumps on the beach — he is safe for the day !

EMILY CARTER.

A SHORT DIALOGUE.

Mother. — Come, my little Arthur, it is time for you to go to bed.

Arthur. — But I do not want to go to bed so early, mother. I want to sit up with the rest of the folks.

Mother. — Now, be a good boy, Arthur, and go to bed without a murmur. The little chickens go to bed early, and you must do so too.

Arthur. — Well, mother, if you will do as the old hen does, I will agree to go to bed without a murmur.

Mother. — Well, how does the old hen do ?

Arthur. — Why, the old hen goes to bed first, and then coaxes the chickens to come.

(*Arthur laughs, kisses his mother, and follows the nurse up stairs to his little bed.*)



THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

“HURRAH for the Christmas-tree! Here comes John, with the Christmas-tree all nicely fixed in a box. It’s a hemlock-tree! No, it’s a fir-tree! Hurrah for it anyhow!”

Such were the cries of James, Henry, Anna, and May, as they followed the man, who, the day before Christmas, took the Christmas-tree to their house, and set it down, where their father told him to, in the parlor.

Now, perhaps you will think that these little folks were all so happy because they hoped to find nice presents for themselves, hung on the Christmas-tree, the next evening, when

the candles would be lighted, and their father and mother, and their aunts and uncles, and their cousins and friends, would all meet them to have a good time.

But the truth was, that these children all knew beforehand that they were not to have a single present.

Was it so indeed? Why, then, did they all hail the Christmas-tree with such merry hearts?

I will tell you. These children had rich friends who had made them, for several years, a great many presents. Their parents, too, were rich, and had given the children more books and toys than they knew what to do with.

And so, when there was talk of a Christmas-tree, Anna said, "Let's have one for all the girls and boys we know, and not one for ourselves, this year. We will hang the tree with gifts for Mary Green, whose father is poor and sick; and for Susan Burns, whose mother died last spring; and"—

"Yes!" cried Henry, "and for Tom Harding, whose father was killed in battle, and whose mother can't afford to buy books for him."

"Yes!" said May; "and I will hang a pair of red gloves on the tree for Rachel Cummings, who I know goes with cold hands."

"And I have an extra sled I'll give to Bill Cummings, who's a first-rate fellow," said little James.

"Oh! but a sled will be too big to hang on the tree," said Anna.

"Pooh! Can't I hang the string on, and let the sled rest on the floor?" asked James.

"Well: first let us find out whether mother will let us have our way," said Anna.

So the children all ran to their mother; and Mrs. Stanley (for that was their mother's name), as soon as she learned what they wanted, said with a smile, "My dear children, you

shall have your wish. But mind! all the presents we have bought for you must now be hung on the tree, and given to your friends. Are you content?"

"I'm content for one," said James, tossing up his cap.

"We're all content," cried the others.

And now, my little readers, you know why the children were so happy, as they followed John who carried the Christmas-tree.

They were happier still when their young friends all met in the parlor, and the candles were lighted, and the presents, one by one, were given away. Splendid presents they were; but the young Stanleys were not sorry to see them all go out of their hands.

Mary Green got a nice bag; and, on opening it, she found an order for a cord of wood. How glad she was! Now her poor father would not suffer.

Susan Burns got a neat work-box; the prettiest thing she had ever owned.

Tom Harding got a whole box of books; just what he wanted.

Mary Cummings got a nice pair of red gloves; and her cheeks grew as red as the gloves, but it was with joy.

As for Bill Cummings, the sled was too much for him. He did not faint; but he came near it. The dream of his little life seemed now fulfilled.

There were many other boys and girls to whom presents were made; but I cannot tell you of them all.

When the sport was ended, the Stanley children said it was the pleasantest Christmas they had ever known. In their prayers that night, they gave thanks to God that they had been born in a Christian land, and had been bred up to feel the duty and the joy of obeying Christ's law of love.



IT IS NOT SAFE.

I THINK I will not go with those two boys on the ice. By the side of the pond I see a post, and on the post I see a sign, and on the sign I see a word. The word tells me it is not safe to go on the ice.

One of the boys wants to go on the ice. Do not go, boy! The ice is thin, and you may break through. Mind what the sign says, and do not go on the thin ice. I have a sled, and I like to drag my sled on the ice when the ice is smooth and thick; but when it is thin, it is not safe. So I will drag my sled up the hill.



MOTHER'S WATCH.

MOTHER'S WATCH.

EMMA's mother had a watch, which she set by a good deal, for it was the gift of a dear friend. Emma loved to look at this watch and to hear it tick.

One day Emma's mother hung the watch on a nail, and went out in the street to buy some things at a shop. Emma came into the room where the watch hung. She thought she would take it in her hand.

Now, she ought not to have done this ; for her mother had told her not to touch it, except when she was by to hold the chain. But Emma thought to herself, "No one sees me. I will hold the watch tight in my hand, and then I will hang it up on the nail. No harm shall come to it."

So she took down the watch with great care. She held it to her ear, and it said, "Tick, tick — tick, tick ;" and then, all at once, this sound seemed to change to, "Bad, bad — girl, girl ; bad, bad — girl, girl !"

"How odd !" thought Emma. "What a queer watch !"

Ah ! it was not the watch that said, "Bad girl !" It was her own sense that told her she was doing what was wrong.

"I will hang it right up, and not take it down again," said Emma.

But, as she was trying to reach up to the nail near the shelf, Jane, the girl, who came in to dust, saw her, and cried, "Boo !"

This startled poor Emma so that she dropped the watch on the marble hearth, and broke it.

Emma could not help crying at the sight. "Oh, how shall I ever tell my mother what I have done !" she said.

"It was my fault, Emma," said Jane: "I was foolish to try to scare you. I will take the blame."

"What shall I say to my mother?" said Emma.

"Here comes your mother," said Jane. "We will tell her the truth, and nothing but the truth, to be sure."

So, when Emma's mother came in, Jane pointed to the watch, and said, "It was not Emma's fault, ma'am. I did not see that she had the watch in her hand; and so, as I came in, I tried to start her, by crying '*Boo!*'"

"Never do that again, Jane," said Emma's mother. "I have known of great harm being done — much greater harm than breaking a watch — by that silly habit of crying '*Boo,*' to start people."

"I will not do so again, ma'am," said Jane.

"As for you, Emma," said the mother, "you are much to blame for taking down the watch. The thought that you have spoilt the gift of my dear friend will punish you enough. That is all."

Emma, who loved her mother dearly, burst into tears. Those few words of her mother had indeed punished her more than if she had been shut up, and kept on bread and water, for the rest of the day. Never would she touch her mother's things again without leave.

How much better is it to be ruled by love than by fear!

ANNA LIVINGSTON.



STRIVE to make everybody happy, and you will make at least one so — yourself.

If your lips would keep from slips, five things observe with care: of whom you speak, to whom you speak, and how, and when, and where.

LOVE IS THE BEST FORCE.

ONCE two little boys were on their way to school. They were broth'ers, and their names were John and Frank. John was the old'er of the two, and he liked to rule Frank by sharp words; but Frank did not like to be ruled in that way.



"Come on — quick'er, quick'er. What a slow coach you are!" said John.

"It is not late, and the day is hot," said Frank.

"I tell you I want to get to school in time to clean out my desk," said John. "Come! you *shall* come."

And then John tried to pull Frank a-long by main force; but, the more John pulled, the more Frank made up his mind not to yield.

While the dis-pute went on, they came to a place in the road where a man was try'ing to make a horse pull a great load of stones. The horse had stopped to rest, when the man be-gan to beat him.

This the horse did not like, for he had tried to do his best: so he stood stock still. In vain did the man lay on the lash: the horse would not start. In vain did the man swear at him: the horse did not mind his oaths.

Just then a young man came up, and said to the man with the load of stones, "Why do you treat a good, brave horse in that way? He would pull for you till he died, if you would on'ly treat him kind'ly. Stand a-side, and let me show you how to treat a good horse."

So the man stood a-side; and the young man went up, and put his arm round the neck of the horse, and pat'ted him on the back, and said, "Poor old fellow! It was too bad to lash you so, when you were do'ing your best, and just stopped a mo'ment to take breath."

And so the young man soothed the poor beast, by kind words and soft pats with his hand; and then said to him, "Now, good old horse, see what you can do! Come, sir! we have only a few steps more to the top of the hill. Get up now. Show you will do for love what you would not do for hate."

The horse seemed to know what was said to him; for he start'ed off at a strong, brisk pace, and was soon at the top of the hill.

"There, my good friend," said the young man to the driv'er, "I hope you see now that *love is the best force*; that even beasts will do for you, when you are kind, what they will not do when you are harsh."

John heard all these words, and they set him to think'ing. At last he said to Frank, "It is a hot day, Frank; and it is not late. Let us walk through the lane to school."

"No, John," said Frank, "I will take the short cut, and will walk just as fast as you want me to. So, come on."

"Frank," said John, "Love is bet'ter than hate,—isn't it?"

"Oh, a thous'and times better!" cried Frank.

As chance would have it, they that day read in school a fa'ble, two thous'and years old, which I will now tell you.



The North Wind and the Sun had a dispute as to which could show the more strength. They agreed that the one that could strip a man first of his cloak should be the vic'tor.

First the North Wind tried his strength: he blew, and blew, with all his might; but, blow as hard as he could, he could not do much. The man drew his cloak round him more and more tight; he would not let it be torn from him. So at last the North Wind gave up the tug, and called on the Sun to see what *he* could do.

By look'ing at the two pict'ures of the same man, you may see what the North Wind *could* not do, and what the Sun *did* do. The Sun shone out with all his warmth. The man could not well bear the heat: he soon grew to be so warm that he had to take off his cloak; and so the Sun became the win'ner in the tri'al.

Love has more strength than hate.

EMILY CARTER.



EVENING HYMN.

2nd

I HEAR no voice, I feel no touch,
I see no glory bright;
But yet I know that God is near,
In darkness as in light.

He watches ever by my side,
And hears my whispered prayer:
The Father for his little child
Both night and day doth care.



THERE IS A TIME FOR ALL THINGS.

CHARLES RAY came home from school, and said to his brother, "Come, Hen'ry, you have staid in the house long enough. There is fine skating on the pond. Get your skates, and let us be off."

"Stop and hear me read this sto'ry in my little mag'a-zine," said Henry.

"I shall do no such thing," said Charles. "We have but an hour for play on the ice. We must go now if we would go at all."

"But this is such a nice sto'ry that I want you to hear it," said Henry.

"I will hear it at the right time, and in the right place," said Charles. "It is play-time now; and I shall not stop to hear you read, though I am as fond of that little magazine as you are."

Henry did not like to give up his wish, and so he began to read a-loud.

Then Charles said, "You are as bad as the man who stopped to scold a boy at the wrong time."

"Tell me a-bout it," said Henry.

"Get your skates and come a-long, and you shall hear a-bout it," said Charles. "It is worth hear'ing."

When the boys were out in the cool air with their skates, Charles told the tale thus: "There was once a boy, who, in try'ing to learn to swim, got be-yond his depth in the wa'ter, and saw that he must drown if he could not get help.

"See'ing a man on a rock near by, he cried out to him to help him. But the man be-gan to talk to him thus: 'My young friend, you did wrong in go'ing into the wa'ter before you knew how to swim. You did wrong in com'ing a-lone to the beach, and go'ing out be-yond your depth. You did wrong,'—

"'O sir! sir!' cried the poor boy, 'please help me *now*, and scold me *after-wards*. I shall drown be-fore you get through your ser'mon.'

"'Do not speak, but hear the voice of wis'dom, my young friend,' said the man. 'Let this teach you nev'er to go be-yond your depth. If you had been a good, wise boy,'—

"Here the boy sank."

"Was the boy drowned?" asked Henry.

"No: he was not drowned. A big wave bore him in, where it was not o'v'er his head; and he soon got on his feet, and ran up the beach, and put on his clothes."

"I hope he gave that man a piece of his mind," said Henry. "What a foolish old man he must have been!"

"I do not know what the boy said," said Charles. "I only know that the story ought to teach us that a thing that may be good at one time may not be so good at an-oth'er. The man was to blame in choos'ing such a time as that to preach."



PAUL FEEDS HIS RABBITS.

DORA and Jane have come to see Paul feed his five rab'bits. He gives them grass and clo'ver and cress'es. He likes to feed them.

The old cat comes from the barn near by, and looks o'ver the fence at the rab'bits. The old cat would like

to get at them and eat them. But Paul does not mean that the old cat shall touch them.

As soon as he has fed them he will shut them up in their small house. Here the cat will not come. Paul has a dog whose name is Rip. He is a good dog.

Rip seems to know that Paul likes the rab'bits, and so Rip helps him to take care of them. Rip barks at the old cat when she comes too near; and he drives off the strange dogs who come to see what they can pick up.

Dora and Jane and Paul have been taught to be kind to all men and all beasts. They will not harm a fly if they can help it. I hope all my young friends will be like them in this.



MY FRIEND'S DOG.

A FRIEND of mine once had a dog whose name was Jock. He came from the Isle of Skye. He was six weeks old when my friend first had him, and was then so small that he seemed like a black dot of soft live wool.

But Jock was a brave dog. Once a large dog came to the house, and put his head down to look at the small ball of wool, as it seemed, on the floor. This made Jock so fierce that he flew at the big dog in quite a rage.

The big dog did not mind it much, though Jock danced round him, and barked, as if he meant to eat him up. My friend had to take Jock out of the room, and put him to bed on some straw in the barn; and there Jock growled him-self to sleep.

Jock did not grow much. I do not think he grew to be

more than eight inch'es high ; but he was quite strong for his size. He had long gray hair, and was of a good breed. If my friend said, "Take a chair, Jock," he would jump up on a chair, and put out his fat paws, and sit and beg, just as you see him in the pict'ure.

Jock had been much cared for by my friend's wife ; and he liked her so much that he was jeal'ous if she did not show him a good deal of no'tice. At first he did not like it when she had a ba'by ; for he saw that she cared more for the baby than she did for him.

My friend tells me, that they had to watch Jock for some time, lest he should do the baby some harm. Once, when



they had left the baby alone on the sofa, they found, when they came back, that Jock was stand'ing over him, and look'ing as if he would like to bring the baby to grief, if he only knew how.

But soon Jock learned to love the baby, and to play with him. Jock was such a fierce little fel'low that all the dogs near by stood in fear of him. If they came into the yard,

he would run at them, and bark so that they would be glad to get out of the gate as fast as they could.

Jock would not let a rat live in the barn or in the house. He would fly at a rat, and kill it quick'er than a cat could. He was kind to the cat; and once, when a strange dog chased the cat, Jock sprang at the dog's throat, and hurt him so that he was not known to come near the house after that. And yet he was twice as large as Jock.

All this is true that I have told you about Jock. He was a real dog, and the two like'ness-es of him are real.

UNCLE CHARLES.



THE BIRD WHO KNEW WHAT TO SAY.

“Do you think that a bird knows what it says, when it speaks?”

“I do not think that all birds know; but I have heard of a par'rot that truly seemed to know, at times, what it said.”

“I wish you would tell me of that par'rot.”

“We called it Poll. One day a man, who was fond of

Poll, and would talk to Poll, and play with Poll, brought Poll a fine, new cage. And he put Poll in her fine, new cage; and Poll was so proud of her new cage that she swung this way and that way, and was quite glad.

"Now, Poll liked the man who gave her the cage, and Poll must have thought she would show her good-will when she got a chance. So, the next time he came in the shop where she was, she looked up at him, and said, 'How do you do, Mr. Clark? How do you do?'

"And those who heard it could not but laugh; so strange it was to hear a bird say, of its own will, 'How do you do, Mr. Clark? How do you do?'

"This same bird would at times call out to a boy in the shop, 'Bad boy! bad boy!' But Poll did not say this when the boy was good: then she would call him by his name, and let him play with her. But, when he was bad; Poll knew it; and she let him hear that she knew it.

"Now, in the same house with Poll dwelt a dog and a cat; and at times Poll would play them sad tricks. The dog's name was Fly. If Poll saw Fly fast a-sleep by the side of the fire, she would call out quite loud, 'Fly, Fly, Fly!'

"And the dog would wake up with a start, and jump up; for he would think it was his mas'ter who called to him to come out and take a walk; and Fly would run to the door, and look round in search of his mas'ter.

"And then Poll would make a noise like a laugh, as much as to say, 'Ah! you have woke up, have you? But no one wants you, for all that. What a bright dog you are, to wake up from your nice sleep, when it was but Poll who called Fly, Fly, Fly! Ha, ha, ha! What fun!'

"And then Poll would swing round in her cage, and round and round — oh, so fast! — and she would cry, 'Ha, ha, ha!'

as if she had done a fine thing to wake up the poor dog from his sleep."

"But was it good in Poll to act so?"

"No: it was not good, though she did it for fun. In the same way would she act to poor Puss, who would lie and sleep by the side of the nice, warm fire. Poll would call out, 'Puss, Puss, Puss!' and Puss would lift up her head; and then Poll would say, 'Milk! — Puss, — milk! Here, Puss, here!' And Puss would run to get her milk; for she thought it was the maid who called her; and, when Puss got near the cage, she would see that there was no plate, — no milk at all. And then Poll would laugh, and think it fine fun to cheat poor Puss. But Puss did not like such fun at all; nor did Fly the dog like it at all.

"Now, there was one thing which Poll did not like, and that was to be put out in the cold air. If you would let Poll stay in the house, then Poll would talk and laugh, and laugh and talk, all day long; but, if you put her out in the cold air, then she would not say a word: but she would sit, and chirp, chirp, just as she heard the birds do all round her; but not one word could you get her to say."

"What an odd bird she must have been!"

"Yes: she was an odd bird. She was a wise bird, too; for there are few birds who know what to say as well as Poll did. But I hope you will not be like Poll in one thing; I hope you will not try to play tricks on your friends."

TROTTIE'S AUNT.





A COLD DAY.

JACK FROST is a roguish little fellow :
When the wintry winds begin to bellow,
He flies like a bird through the air,
And steals through the cracks everywhere.

He nips little children on the nose ;
He pinches little children on the toes ;
He pulls little children by the ears,
And draws from their eyes the big round tears.

He makes little girls cry, " Oh, oh, oh ! "
He makes little boys say, " Boo — hoo — hoo ! "

But when we kindle up a good warm fire,
Then Jack Frost is compelled to retire ;
So up the chimney skips the roguish little boy,
And all the little children jump for joy !

PHILOPOTHOS.



ALMOST WELL.

ALMOST WELL.

"KATE is almost well. See! she can sit up in her bed, and look at pictures in a book."

"Why, what has been the matter with Kate?"

"I will tell you how she came to be ill. I hope you will try not to do as she did. Her father had told her she must not go with wet feet, and that she must not sit in a cur'ent of air.

"Kate heard, but did not heed. She went out one day with thin shoes on her feet. Soon she found that the side-walks were damp. Then she ought to have turned back, and got her over-shoes. But this she did not do.

"She went on and on till she met a young friend, who got her to take a walk with her in the park. Here the ground was so moist that Kate wet the soles of her shoes a good deal. Then she got into a car to ride home.

"She was quite warm when she got into the car. Both doors were open, and the wind swept through. Kate took a bad cold that day: the doctor was sent for, and it was found that she had a fe'ver.

"Six weeks she has been kept in her bed. Now she is so much better that she can sit up and read. In a book which her aunt lent her, she found a queer story, which I will here tell you in the words in which Kate told it to her father:—

STORY OF THE MAN WHO KEPT HOUSE.

THERE was once a man of the name of Max, who thought that he could do things much better than any one else. One day he said to Jane his wife, "Wife, I wish I could stay at home: I would teach you how to keep house. I could do it better than any wife I know of."

Then Jane said to him, "Since you think you can do better than I, let us change places. I will take your scythe, and go into the field to mow; and you shall stay at home, and churn the cream, and take care of the baby, and get the dinner."

"Let it be so!" said Max. So Jane took the scythe, and went off to the field; while Max staid at home to do the house-work. First of all, he began to churn. He had not churned long when he thought he would like a glass of ale. So down stairs he went to tap a cask. He knocked the bung in, and was try'ing to put in the tap, when he heard the pig come into the kitch'en over-head.

Tap in hand, up rushed Max to drive out the pig; but he found that the pig had up-set the churn, and that all the nice cream was run'ning out over the floor. At this sight Max was in such a rage that he gave the pig a kick; and this made the pig squeal, and waked the baby. Then the sight of the tap in his hand made Max think of the ale. Down stairs he rushed; but here he found that all the ale had run out of the cask. Not a drop was left. So back he went to the churn; and, to stop the baby's crying, he gave her his watch to play with.

All at once he thought that the cow, who was shut up in the barn, had not been fed. The house, you must know, was set up by the side of a hill, so that one could step from the hill on to the roof. There was a thatch of sods on the roof, and some nice grass grew there.

Max thought he would lead the cow up the hill, and so on to the roof of the house where she could get good feed. This he did, and then went back into the house. It was now time to cook the dinner; so he filled the porridge-pot with water, and hung it over the fire. But all at once the thought struck him, "What if the cow should fall off the roof, and break her legs?"

So, to keep the cow safe, Max got a rope, and tied one end of it round the cow's neck; and then, drop'ping the other end down the chim'ney, he made it fast round his own waist. Having done this, he began to grind away at the oat-meal; for there was to be oat-meal porridge for dinner.

But all at once the cow fell off the roof of the house; and, as she fell, she drew poor Max, feet first, up the chim'ney, by the rope. There he stuck; while, out-side of the house, and half-way down, hung the cow.

And now Jane, who had been wait'ing for Max to call her to din'ner, came home; and, when she saw the cow hang'ing by the neck, she ran up, and cut the rope with the scythe she had in her hand.

But, ah! she did not know that poor Max was tied to the other end of the rope. Soon as she cut it, down he went; and, when she came in, she

found him with his head in the porridge-pot, and his legs up the chim'ney ! And, to add to the tragic scene, there was the baby pound'ing the hearth with the watch !

Jane had to pull with all her might and main to get her hus'band's head out of the porridge-pot. At last she did it, and set him on his legs. He came out a meek'er and a wiser man ; and said to Jane, " If it had not been for the pig, I should have put things through all right. But I am not sure if there are not some things I can do better than keep'ing house. You may give me back my scythe."

" Kate laughed a good deal at this story ; and, when her father came in, she told it to him, and he laughed top. By and by, the doctor came, and she told him how poor Max had been drawn up the chimney ; and then the doctor laughed. ' Every one to his trade ! ' said the doctor. ' My dear Kate, you are *almost well*.' "

ALFRED SELWYN.

A DIALOGUE.

Bob Lee. — Look here, father, ought the master to flog me for what I did not do ?

Mr. Lee. — Surely not, my son : that would not be just. But are you sure you did not do what he flogged you for ?

Bob. — Yes, sir : I'm sure I did not do it.

Mr. Lee. — And he flogged you for what you did not do ? Did you tell him you had not done it ?

Bob. — Yes, sir : he *knew* I did not do it.

Mr. Lee. — Stop, stop, little boy ! You must not say that of the master. He may have thought you did it, when you did not do it.

Bob. — No, sir : he knew I did not do it.

Mr. Lee. — Well, what was it he flogged you for, that you did not do ?

Bob. — I didn't do the sum he set me.

[*Bob's father tries to take him by the ear. Bob runs.*]



PUSSY LEE.

PUSSY LEE was as fine a cat as ever mewed, or caught a rat. She was quiet in her ways, and, for one of her race, was honest too. You know that cats at times will take fish and meat that do not belong to them; or they will dip their whiskers into dishes of cream and milk, when they think no one is looking.

Perhaps Pussy Lee would have done such things herself, if she had not lived with folks who were fond of cats, and who fed them well. When I first knew her, she was quite small. Her fur was black-and-white.

There were four other kittens about her age, and they had grand times playing together. They liked the parlor better than any other place: I think this was because there

were so many vases and things they could tip over in the parlor.

When they had a chance they crept in; and, if no one drove them out, they would play hide-and-seek till something was knocked down; and then they would scamper off to the kitchen, as fast as they could go.

Miss Kate, whose parlor it was, would find these cats walking round among the pretty things, and would send them out of the room.

But in the room there was a long window that opened on a piazza; and, if this was not shut, the five kittens would soon find their way round there, and come marching in, one after the other, as polite as if they had all been invited to spend the day, and to play on the what-nots and tables.

When the weather was cold, the long window would be shut; and then the black-and-white pussy and her friends would sit on the window-sill, and mew as if their hearts would break, begging to be let in.

At first the folks who sat in the warm room would think the poor cats must be quite cold, and so would let them in. But soon they gave so much trouble, that the folks would shake their heads at the cats, and say, "No: you can't come in."

Once, on a cold day in winter, Pussy Lee sat outside on the window-sill, making such a fuss that Miss Kate went to see what could be the matter. And there was Pussy with a mouse in her mouth!

To reward her for being so smart, she was let in. She gave a jump on to the carpet, and laid the mouse down for the folks to admire. Then she began to rub herself against their feet and dresses, and to purr, as if she were trying to say, "What a good, smart cat I am!"

They all praised her, and stroked her fur; and then she

picked up the mouse and ran into the kitchen. Here the other kittens looked at it, and wanted to take it; but Pussy Lee growled at them so that they did not dare to touch it.

The next day, Pussy Lee again jumped up on the window-sill, and mewed and mewed to be let in. But Miss Kate said, "No, Pussy: I shall not let you in." Pussy folded her paws under her, and looked in, and no doubt wished she could lie down on the nice, warm rug, instead of having to stay out in the cold.

And then Pussy must have thought to herself, "Yesterday, Miss Kate let me in because I had a mouse in my mouth. I can't see any mice about now, or I would try to catch one. I wonder if I cannot play a trick on Miss Kate by making her think I have a mouse, and so get her to let me in."

So down Pussy jumped, and, in a minute or two, came back with something in her mouth. "Mew, mew!" she cried; which meant, "Let me in! Let me in! You don't know what I have in my mouth!"

"Ah!" said Miss Kate, "my little kitty has been catching another mouse. I must let her in. Come in, you good kitty!"

The good kitty jumped in, and dropped what she had in her mouth on the floor. And what do you think it was? Why, it was nothing but an old chip which the cunning Pussy had picked up in the yard! What a bad, sly cat!

She seemed to know she had played a trick, and had got in under a false pretence; for, instead of waiting to be praised, she scampered off, and took a seat on the rug.

You may be sure that, after this trick, Pussy Lee was not let in again very soon at the window. She is now a sober old cat, and seems to have her claws full, trying to take care of her children, and to keep them out of mischief. I hope she will never play such a trick again.

AUNT HELEN.



GET UP, LITTLE GIRL !

Oh, wake and rise !
The east'ern skies
Are ros'y red :
Get out of bed !

The boys are out :
Just hear them shout !
It snowed last night,
Though now 'tis bright.

John starts to run ;
When Charles, in fun,
A snow-ball throws.
It hits John's nose.

Says John, "That ball
Was soft and small :
I'll give you back
A big one — whack !"

Then Sam comes on,
And pulls down John
Where, in a heap,
The snow lies deep.

"Look out !" cries Dick :
"I know a trick
Worth two of that."
Then Sam lies flat.

And so they go ;
And hurl the snow
Round, left and right,
Till all are white.

Get up ! Come out,
And see the rout.
Be early wise :
Oh, wake and rise !

NORA'S MOTHER.



HOW TWO MEN SPOKE THE SAME WORDS.

I HAVE heard of two men who once went forth to take a long walk through a fair land. One of the men, who did not give his mind to what he did or saw, went just to get rid of his time. But one, who loved all that is fair and good, went to see, and to learn, and to find things to love.

When these two men came back to the house from their walk, all the folks came to them to ask of what they had seen. "Tell us now," said the folks, "what have you seen in your long walk?"

And then the man who did not give his mind to what he did or saw, sat down in a chair, as if he were too weak to stand, and, with his eyes cast down, said, "Oh! I can't say I saw much: I saw green trees, blue skies, hills, plains, streams, birds, and flowers."

He said all this with a drawl of his voice, as if it were hard work for him to get the words out of his mouth; and so the words fell dull on the ears of those who heard them, and did not bring up to mind bright scenes or thoughts of joy.

And the folks all said, "What a dull, dull time you must have had! I am glad we were not with you in your walk."

Then they turned to the man who had gone forth to see, and to learn, and to find things to love; and they said, "And what did *you* see in *your* long walk?"

This man stood up, and his eyes beamed with joy, and he put up his hand, and said in a brisk, glad tone, "Oh! I can say I saw much: I saw green trees — blue skies — hills — plains — streams — birds — and flowers."

He gave to each word a sound as if he loved the thing he told of; and so, though the words he spoke were the same as those of the first man, they brought up, to the mind of those who heard, bright scenes and glad, dear thoughts.

It seemed to the folks as if they could see the trees wave, and the streams flash in the sun, and could hear the birds sing, and could smell the scent of the flowers.

And the folks all said, "What a glad, glad time you must have had! We wish we had been with you in your walk."

Now, you can learn from this tale, that you ought to give your mind to what you read or speak; for the words you speak in a dull tone may fall dull on the ear; but the same words, if you speak them with the right force and tone, may rouse and please those who hear them.



THE ROBIN.

THE bird we call the *robin* in America is unlike the robin-red-breast of England, so famous in song and story. Our bird is much larger, and is, I am sorry to say, a sad thief. He makes great havoc among the cherries; and, if he cannot get them, he will eat peas. Nearly half our pea-pods were opened by him last summer. He belongs to the thrush-family. He has a reddish-brown breast; and sometimes comes to us in winter, as the English robin does to the little boys and girls in England. Our robin has a pleasant note, and is fond of hopping over the ploughed fields, in search of worms, in spring.

F. P. S.

ROBIN-RED-BREAST! This is he,
Perched upon the blossomed tree,
Thinking where to build a nest
For the bird that he loves best.
Everybody likes to hear
Robin, when the spring is near.

Robin-red-breast! This is he,
Living in our apple-tree.
On the ground he hops around.
What has thrifty robin found, —
Hopping now from side to side,
Now his brown wings spreading wide?

Now he flies his nest to seek,
With the good worm in his beak.

Robin-red-breast! This is he,
On the leafless winter tree.
Like the children in the wood,
He can find but scanty food.
Lift the window softly, boys,
Do not scare him with the noise.
Every morning, when he comes,
Throw him out the breakfast-crumbs;
Tell him that he need not fear,
For we all love robin here.

MRS. A. M. WELLS.

MORE ABOUT PARROTS.

WHEN my brother was a little boy he bor'rowed a parrot, and brought it home in a big cage, set in his little cart. It was a very pretty parrot, bright green all over, not gay with gaudy colors. Of course, she called herself *Poll*; and, when it was cold, she would bristle her feathers, and draw her neck down, and say, "Poll's cold."

When the children were ready for school, she would say, "Be good children: mind your books." One day, as they were going off as usual, one of them put her fingers into the cage to give Poll a rose; but Poll was cross, and bit the child badly with her sharp beak.

At dinner-time Poll would twist aside the wires of her cage; and, coming out, would walk round the table, saying, "Poll's hungry." But, if any one gave her a bit of bread without butter, she would look it all over, and then throw it down.

At last she got out of the cage, and flew a long way off into a tree. My mother thought she was lost, and called her again and again; and after a time Poll came back. Then she was sent home, for fear she might get away again and not come back.

My grandmother had a parrot that seemed to think. One day in summer, every one left the house; and, before they went, the parrot's cage was hung in an apple-tree. By and by a neigh'bor called, and knocked at the door: nobody answered; but a voice said, "They've all gone out." It was the parrot in the tree!

Another day all the family but Joanna went away. The

same neigh'bor called again, and went into the house, but found no one : when she came out, the parrot said, "Joanna's at the barn." And sure enough she was!

There was a woman who had the front room of her house fitted up for a little shop, and in the shop hung a cage with a parrot in it. A very tire'some old woman used to come to the shop, and sit a long time to talk, but never bought any thing.

The family had spoken about this woman before the parrot; and one day, when the woman came to have a chat, she found no one in the shop. She waited a little while, and then heard somebody say, "They don't want you." When she looked about to see who spoke, behold! it was the parrot.

The bird kept saying it so often, "They don't want you," that at last the woman believed that Poll had been *told* to say it, and went away so angry that she never came to that shop again.

The people that owned the bird heard what she said, and thought they would be more care'ful of what they might say in Poll's hearing.

One of our neigh'ors had a parrot that used to scream in a fright'ful manner. I would say, "Do stop, Poll!" She would scream back, "*I wont!*"

Did you ever hear anybody besides a parrot say that?

L. OGDEN.





GOING TO BED.

COME, little May, my birdie, my pet !
Sleep hath its mark on your drooping eyes set.
Come to your bed, as the little bird goes
Into his soft, cunning nest to repose,
Safe with the mother-wings over it spread, —
So shall my little one rest in her bed !

Come, my sweet Ella, come : sunset hath told
The lamb to return to the sheltering fold.
Mother is waiting, with night-gown in hand,
To loosen each button, unfasten each band :
Come and prepare for the snowy-white bed,
Where the soft pet'als of slumber are spread.

Come, merry Frank, to the nursery now ;
Smooth the rough hair, and bathe the hot brow.
Mother's wild colt has been running all day ;
Now he comes tame enough, tired with play,
As the colt from the clover-field comes to its dam,
Quiet as birdie, and loving as lamb.

Now are my darlings all ready ? ah ! no :
Hush the light prattle ! With mother bend low,
And lift the sweet music of prayer that you love, —
Prayer to the Father who watches above ;
Beg Him to shield us, through darkness and light,
From all that could harm us. Now kiss me. Good night !

AUNT ANNIE.



LEARN TO FORGIVE.

As little Mary Price was saying the Lord's Prayer the other night, she stopped at these words : " And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us."

" Why do you pause ?" asked her mother.

" I will tell you to-morrow, mother, if you please," said Mary ; and then she finished saying her prayer.

The next day, when she came home from school, she said to her mother, " As I was playing yesterday out of doors with little Willie Wild, he pushed me down in the snow. He was in fun ; but I was so vexed, I said to him, ' You are a bad, bad boy, and I hate you.' Willie said, ' Forgive me this time ;' but I said, ' I won't.'"

" I did not think of this again, till last night, when I came to those words in the Lord's Prayer ; and then I made up my mind that I would ask Willie to forgive me for my harsh words, and tell him I forgave him for his rude act in pushing me down.

" Well, to-day Willie was not at school, and so I went to his house ; and there I saw him, and he was glad to see me, though he is quite ill from a bad cold. We forgave each other, and kissed each other, and now I feel happy."

" You did quite right, my dear," said Mrs. Price.

A week after this, Mary came home, and said, "O mother! such sad news as I have heard! Poor Willie Wild is quite ill with a trouble of the throat. They fear he will die. Oh! how sad it would be if I had not made up with him as I did!"

Three times a day, after this, Mary used to call to learn how Willie was; and on the morning of the tenth day, when she called, Willie's mother came to the door, and said gently, "Come in, Mary."

Mary went in, and then saw, by the light of the room, that Willie's mother had been weeping. Mary threw her arms round her neck, and said, "Oh! is Willie dead?"

"What you saw of Willie," said the mother, "is dead. His soul we could not see,—not with our mortal eyes: that soul, we may be sure, is cared for by God; and, if we are good, we shall see and know the real Willie in a better world. Just before he left us, he said, 'Mother, please give my little pearl sleeve-buttons, with my love, to Mary Price.' Here they are, Mary."

Mary burst into tears, as she took them, and pressed them to her lips.

Mary may live to be an old, old woman; but, we may be sure she will not part with those little sleeve-buttons as long as she lives.

EMILY CARTER.





LOST AND FOUND.

LOST AND FOUND.

THERE was a little girl whose name was May Gordon. She lived on the side of a high hill in Scotland. Her father had the care of a great number of sheep. He was a shepherd.

What could we do without sheep? What should we do for the warm cloth we wear, for our blankets and carpets, if it were not for the wool we get from the sheep's back?

A sheep is not a very wise animal. He does not know as much as a dog. A boy was once driving sheep through a town when they ran down a street he wished them to shun. He called out to some men, "Stop the sheep!"

A man with a broom in his hand tried to stop them. He stooped, and held his broom-stick out with both hands, to keep them back. One old sheep came up, and jumped over the man's head; and then the rest of the flock all followed, and did the same thing. They jumped over the man's head, though there was plenty of room on each side of him for them to pass. The silly creatures thought they must all do just as their leader did.

Little May Gordon had brought up a pet lamb she called Posy, and was quite fond of it. When it grew to be a sheep, she would watch it, and call it out from the whole flock, and let it eat from her hands.

One cold day in March, the snow began to fall; and Mr. Gordon went out with his dog Hero, to drive the sheep in to their fold. Without his dog, the shepherd could not do much. In getting in a hundred sheep from a large farm, one man with a dog can do more than twenty men could do without dogs.

When Mr. Gordon got home, he found that three of his sheep were missing, and one of these was Posy. So he said to his dog, "Hero, we must find Posy and the rest. Little May would not sleep to-night, if she knew that Posy was out in this snow-storm."

Hero barked, as much as to say, "I'm ready." So Mr. Gordon followed him on and on, up one high hill, and then down, and then up another, till he heard Hero bark; and the bark plainly meant, "Come here!"

So Mr. Gordon made his way through the snow-drifts till he came to a hollow in the side of a bare, bleak hill, where the dog was tossing up the snow with his feet; and here they found poor Posy.

"Now, Hero," said Mr. Gordon, "I will drive Posy home, while you go and get the other two sheep that are missing." "Bow, wow!" said Hero; which meant, "Agreed! I'll be home before you are."

So Mr. Gordon drove Posy home through the snow; and, when he got to the fold near the house, there stood the brave dog with the other two sheep. "Good fellow!" said Mr. Gordon, patting Hero on the head.

He put all the sheep into the fold, gave them some nice carrots to eat, shut the door tight, and then, with Hero, went into the house, and got a good warm supper for themselves.

Hero lay on the hearth before the fire; and May knelt down, and patted him on the head, and thanked him for bringing Posy back safe.

"Oh, the happy faces
By the shepherd's fire!
High, without, the tempest roars,
But the laugh rings higher.
Young and old together
Make that joy their own:
They have found the little lamb,
Left alone, alone!"



WHAT GRANDFATHER SAYS OF JOHNNY.

ONLY seven years old is our Johnny,
Yet who ever saw him afraid ?
I've known him to master a lion ;
But then — 'twas of gingerbread made.

He will go all alone out to battle
Against a whole army with guns :
It is true they are made all of pewter ;
But Johnny, brave boy, never runs.

He owns, he says, seven fine oxen ;

But then — they are wooden, you know.
Gay horses he has in his stable ;

But then — like his watch — they won't go.

Ten cows he has, loose in his pasture :

They are looking, just now, rather thin.
Does he milk them ? Well, not very often :

'Tis hard to squeeze milk out of tin.

He has a canary and robin :

They perch in a beautiful ring ;
They are sweet, — oh ! as sweet as white sugar ;
But then — not a note do they sing.

In a pond, rather small, he has fishes ;

But (this is a fact queer to state),
Though each will go after a magnet,
Not one will go after a bait.

His cattle are never heard lowing ;

His dogs have not yet learnt to bark :
All which seems quite odd ; for he tells us —
They have just come out of the ark.

Our Johnny is growing quite wealthy :

He owns a whole village or so ;
He has a fine forest of maples,
But, somehow, — they don't seem to grow.

Cars, railroads, he has by the dozen ;

The cars have run, pretty well filled ;
And — let me say this to his honor —
No passenger yet has been killed.

Our Johnny, with all his possessions, —
His steeds, and his stock, and his store, —
Is still a good deal of a miser :
Each Christmas he's looking for more.

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

AUNT CLARA.

THE LOST RING.

A LONG time ago a lady lost her wedding-ring. It was a rich, plain gold ring, with her name, and the date of her marriage, marked on the inside of it.

She hunted the house for it, but it could not be found. She was very sorry about it, and so were her husband and children ; but they had to give it up.

More than a year afterwards, when the dinner was being prepared one day, a turnip was cut open ; and in the middle of the turnip was the lady's lost ring !

But how do you think it got there ? I will tell you. It must have come off the lady's finger when she washed her hands. The basin was emptied in the sink, and the ring went out into the cess-pool.

Then, in the spring, when the sink-drain was cleaned out, its contents were carried into the field to enrich the land, and the ring was carried out too. When the turnip-seeds were sown, a seed must have fallen in the middle of the ring.

And then, as the little seed sprouted, and grew to be a little turnip, and got too large for the ring to hold it, it just grew all over the ring, and took it in, till, when the turnip was ripe, the ring was in the middle of it.

The lady was very glad to get her ring back again ; and I think she was very careful of it after that.

MISS H. F. W.



THE BOAT ON THE LAKE.

SEE! Charles and Jane are in a boat on the lake. Each has an oar, and helps to row the boat. They like to row ; and, when the lake is smooth, they make the boat move quite fast.

They live by the side of the lake. The place where they go to school is a mile by land from their house ; but it is not half a mile off by the lake.

So, when the day is fair, these two take the boat, and row to school : but

if clouds are in the sky, or if the wind blows hard, then they walk to school ; for it is not safe for them to go in the boat, and they mind what is told them.

Once, when they had tied their boat to a rock near the school-house, some bad boys, without their leave, took the boat, and tried to row a-cross the lake.

But the bad boys did not know how to use the oars, and one of them let an oar slip from his hands. Not one of the rest knew how to scull a boat. But Charles knew how to scull a boat, and so did Jane.

Then the bad boys had to cry loud for help, and some men had to go out to save them.

It is not well to play with boats till you have been taught to row.



THE LITTLE VOLUNTEERS.

THREE cheers! three cheers
For the little volunteers!

Oh, what a merry sight it is to see them pass,
Knee-deep in buttercups and ankle-deep in grass!
Tramp, tramp, tramp, as onward they go
Over the old fence to rush upon the foe.
One with a rake, and another with a cane,—
Now look out for the wounded and the slain!

Three cheers! three cheers
For the valiant volunteers!

The curly-headed captain is not very large :
 See him scale the fence, and lead the fearful charge !
 The corporal who follows sees the captain fall,
 Just as he jumps down into the clover tall ;
 Then, what with Nero's barking and the cackling
 of the geese,
 I have to tell the army they must keep the peace.
 But three cheers ! three cheers
 For the little volunteers !

L. W. T.



THE SNOW-DROP.

DARLING little snow-drop,
 Coming up so boldly,
 While the winds of winter
 Yet are blowing coldly !
 When the ponds were freezing,
 Blooming I have found you,
 Little milk-white flower,
 With the snow all round you !

Do you come so early,
 In these wintry hours,
 Just to tell us kindly,
 Spring is near with flowers ?
 Darling little snow-drop,
 Hope and joy you lend us :
 God still loves his children, —
 Loves, and will befriend us !

IDA FAY.



MY FRIEND'S DOG NIC.

I TOLD you, not long ago, of my friend's dog Jock. I will now tell you of his dog Nic. Like Jock, Nic was a terrier, and from the Isle of Skye. My friend bought him in London.

Nic had long hair, which was rather silky, of a slate color about the head, and hanging all over his eyes. My friend stayed at a hotel the day he bought Nic, and took him up to his room.

"I undid his chain and patted him," says my friend; "but he would have nothing to say to me. As soon as he was loose, he went to my trunk, and smelt it with care; then he smelt my hat-box, bag, and great-coat, — going from one to the other, as if he wanted to see if their smells were alike.

"Then he came to me, and putting up his paws, without wagging his tail, smelt me all over; after which he went back to the baggage, to compare the smell. This seemed to

make him feel sure that all was right; for he came back to me, and, jumping up on my lap, tried to lick my face.

"Then he raced about the room, wagging his tail, and barking; then he came back, and fawned upon me. It was plain that he had made up his mind that I was his new master, and he took this way of showing that he owned me as such.

"After that, he would follow me about as though he had known me all his life. I did not have to put his chain on when I took him out for a walk. It was clear now that I had got a dog of character.

"If I went out, and left him behind, he would be quite sad, unless, as often as he liked, he could go to my room to look at my things, so that he might be sure I was to come back. Or he would go into the entry, and look at the pegs, to see if my great-coat hung there. I think he must have been stolen from his first master, and so was afraid he might lose me too.



NIC DRESSED UP.

"One day the girl went into my room when I was out, and found Nic lying in a corner, with one paw on my cane, which was on the floor. Thinking it had fallen down, the girl stooped to pick it up; but Nic showed his teeth and growled. He had knocked it down, that he might have something of mine near him to guard.

"Soon I took Nic to my own home; and there we have taught him many nice

tricks. If I tell him to lie down dead, he will turn over on his side, and stay quite still, and look just like a dead dog. If I tell him to be alive again, he will start up, and wag his tail, and bark.

"He will stand up on his hind-legs, and put out his fore-paw to shake hands with me. He will stand up with a piece of bread on his nose, toss it up, and catch it at the word 'three.' He will let the children dress him up in a pinafore, with a doll's crochet-hood on his head.



NIC IN DISGRACE.

"Sometimes I have to punish Nic; and then, instead of beating him, I tell him to go into the corner. He will go, and stay there quite still, and will not move till I tell him he may. If I keep him there too long, he will bark; but he will not dare to turn round.

"He likes the cat, and it is a pretty sight to see them at

play. The cat can unlatch the door, but Nic does not know how to do this.

"The other day Nic wanted to be let out of the house. He went to the maid, and pulled at her dress; but she would not heed him. Then he went to the cat, and must have found some way of letting her know what he wanted; for she jumped up at the latch, opened the door, and let him out.

"Nic will let the hens jump up on his back. Sometimes we throw corn on his back; and the hens will come and jump on him, and feed quite happily. He will look after the little chickens, and will not let a strange dog or cat come near to harm them."

Such was the story my friend told me of his dog Nic.

My friend has had a good many dogs. He loves to watch their ways. His stories are all true; and his drawings are from life, and made by himself. Are they not well done?

UNCLE CHARLES.

TO A WINTER VISITOR.

LADY-BUG, lady-bug,
With a red wing,
What are you doing here,
Poor little thing?

Flies are no longer heard,
Buzzing around;
Spiders have hid themselves,
Wasps are not found.

Spring is not coming yet,
Why are you here?

Insects don't come about
This time of year.

Up the cold window-pane
Why do you roam?
Lady-bug, lady-bug,
Fly away home!

Come when the flowers come,
Come with the spring,
Dear little lady-bug,
With a red wing!

MRS. A. M. WELLS.



HARRY'S RIDE.

GALLOP, and gallop, and gallop away !
'Tis Harry who rides on his little nag gay :
Now keep off the track, all the folks in the town,
Or, sure as you live, he will run you all down !

Gallop, and gallop, and gallop away !
Old woman, stand back, and take care while you may :
If you venture to cross to the other side yet,
There will be broken bones for the doctor to set.

Gallop, and gallop, and gallop away !
Now look ! Harry comes, on his little nag gay,
As fine as a bird, and as swift as the light,
He is near — he is here — he is gone out of sight !

IN THE DAIRY.

THERE was a little girl whose name was Rosy. While she was yet a baby, her father and mother took her in a ship across the wide ocean, to France. There she lived in the great city of Paris.

In Paris she saw horses and dogs, but no cows. When she was three years old, she went with her mother, one fine day in spring, into the country. They went five miles, in a train of cars.

For the first time in her life, Rosy saw a cow. It was eating grass in a field. When the train stopped, and they left the cars, Rosy's mother told her she would take her to see a dairy.

"But what is a dairy?" asked Rosy.

"A dairy," said her mother, "is a place where they keep milk and cream and butter. It is a room in a clean, cool place, where there are no smells of any kind; for quite a slight smell will make the milk bad."

A short walk brought Rosy and her mother to a neat farmhouse; and here they saw a woman with a kind face, who wore a sort of turban on her head. Rosy's mother spoke to her in French, and asked if they could see the dairy.

The woman was glad to see them, and led the way to a room which had a floor made of red tiles. A tile is made of baked clay, like a brick, but thinner and longer. It is used instead of slates for roofs, and sometimes for floors.

On the floor of the dairy stood ten or twelve large, open pans full of new milk. Now, Rosy was quite fond of milk; and, when the woman gave her a nice bowlful, Rosy stared

at it before she drank, for she had never before seen milk so rich and thick.

She drank some, and said, "Ah, how good it is! But



what is this that sticks to my lips? It is not like the milk we get at home. See! there is something on the top of it."

"That is cream, good cream," said her mother. "That is what they make butter of. There is no water in that milk.

In Paris and New York the men water the milk, to make it hold out."

"But is that right?" asked Rosy.

"It is far from right," said her mother; "but the best way for those who want good milk is to pay a fair price for it, and deal with none but honest people."

Then the woman showed Rosy how she skimmed the rich, thick cream from the top of the milk in the pans, and put the cream in a large jar to save it for butter.

"But how do you make the butter?" asked Rosy, in French.

The woman led her into another room, and showed her a churn, and told her how the milk is put into the barrel of the churn; and then the barrel is turned round and round by the handle till the butter forms, and leaves the thinner part of the cream, which is called butter-milk, and this is given to the pigs.

Then the butter is taken out, and well beaten with the hand,—or, what is better, with a flat wooden spoon,—and well washed with clear spring-water, till all the butter-milk is worked out of it. Then salt is put with it, and it is made into pats or cakes.

Rosy asked if she might turn the churn, and the woman told her she might; but Rosy had to stand up on a chair to do it. She found it rather hard work for a little girl, and soon gave it up. Before leaving the farm, they went to look at the cows in a field near by. There was a cow that had a little calf by her side, and Rosy laughed to see it frisk and run.



She thanked the woman for showing them the dairy and the

cows ; and, at four o'clock, Rosy's mother took her home to Paris. Rosy slept soundly that night. I think I shall have more to tell you about this little girl's doings while she was in France.

ESTELLE KARR.

HOW A TRICK WAS PLAYED ON BOB.

My friend Mr. Hay had a dog of whom he was fond ; and the dog was fond of Mr. Hay, and would do all that he told him. One day some friends had come to dine with Mr. Hay. They spoke of the dog ; and Mr. Hay said, that he had but to say, "Do this," or "Do that," and the dog would do it at once.

"Let us see you try him now," said one of the guests. "Tell him to do some-thing for you."

"Wait a while," said Mr. Hay, "and you shall see how Bob will try to mind me."

So Mr. Hay went in-to the hall ; and he took from the stand in the hall, his hat, and his great-coat, and his gloves, and his stick ; and he put them by, in a place where the dog could not find them ; and then he came back to the room, and called, "Bob, Bob, Bob !" That was the dog's name.

And Bob came, and stood by Mr. Hay ; and looked in his face, as much as to say, "Here I am. What do you want ?"

And Mr. Hay said, "Bob, go and fetch me all my things out of the hall."

Off ran the dog. Soon the folks heard him run up the hall, and down the hall, and round the hall ; and then he stood still. By and by he came back, and went up to Mr. Hay, and whined, as much as to say, "I have been in the hall, and I have looked here, and I have looked there ; but I can find none of your things."

Then Mr. Hay spoke loud, — as if he were cross, — and said, “Why don’t you mind me, sir? Go and fetch me my things from the hall. Go, I say!”

Off went poor Bob, as he was bid; but this time he went slow, as if he were in doubt. Once more they heard him go up the hall, and down the hall, and round the hall, pat-a-pat, pat-a-pat.

Then he was still for a short time; but soon they heard a noise, — bump, bump, bump; thump, thump, thump!

“What is the dog at now?” cried all the folks.

“Bump, bump, bump; thump, thump, thump, — more and more near came the sound; till at last there was a push and a pull, and the door gave way, and in came Bob with a great chair from the hall.

Then he ran up to Mr. Hay, and whined, as much as to say, “There, sir, that is all I can find. Your gloves used to lie in this chair. You sat in it before you came in to dine. Is that what you want, when you tell me to get your things? For, if that is not what you want, I do not know what it is that you do want.”

“Poor old Bob! Good old Bob!” said Mr. Hay: “you have done your best. I put the things where you could not find them, Bob. It was a shame to play you such a trick, — was it not, old Bob?”

And Bob howled, as much as to say, “Yes: it was too bad. It grieves me to know you would play me such a trick. It was a shame to send such a wise dog as I am on a fool’s er’rand. It was not like you to do so bad a thing.”

The folks all laughed to hear Bob howl out his grief at the trick. But he was not sad long. Mr. Hay gave him a bone to pick; and then Bob for-gave the trick, and was glad.

TROTTIE’S AUNT.



THE BOY WHO LIVES IN A LIGHT-HOUSE.

How would you like to live in a light-house with the sea all round you? How would you like to hear the winds of March sweep over the wild waves, and you all the while shut up where you could not step your foot on dry land? I know a boy who lives in a light-house. He is not nine years old, and his name is George.

His father is the man who keeps the light-house. His mother died last spring. George helps his father clean the lamps. When the fog is thick, George pulls the fog-bell. That is to warn the folks in the ships to keep off from the ledge of rocks that lie near.

You would laugh to see the room George has to sleep in,—it is so small. It is but five feet long, and less than five feet wide; yet George finds place in it for a chest, a box of books, a chair, a spy-glass, a flute, a flower-pot, and a bird in a cage.

The flower-pot stands on a shelf; and in it is a rose-bush, of which George is so fond that he takes great care of it. But he is not so fond of it as he is of the bird; for the bird

sings, and seems to love him, and will light on his hand, and take food from his lips.

At times, the wind blows so hard as to dash the waves high up, and wet the glass of the win'dow in this small room. Then the light-house will shake, — shake, oh ! as if it would blow down. It *did* blow down once, when it was not as strong as it is now. But George does not fear. At night, he says his prayers ; and lies down to sleep, calm and glad, though the storm roars and the waves rise and dash.

What does George find to do, you may ask. Oh ! he finds much to do. First, there is the work of the light-house. When that is done, his father shows him how to make shoes ; and George works two hours with his awl. Then he plays on his flute, or looks at the ships with his spy-glass.

But he is most fond of read'ing in his books. He has a little magazine sent to him once a month from the shore. It is called "The Nursery." He loves to read it ; and he looks at the pictures in it, and tries to copy some of them on paper with his pen'cil or his pen. He shows quite a taste for draw'ing.

As soon as the days grow mild, George will go in his boat to the shore, and will have a good run on the beach ; for he can-not run much in the light-house, where the rooms are all so small. How glad he will be to see the grass spring up, and the trees begin to bud, and the birds to hop from twig to twig !

Do you think you could be con-tent as George is, shut up in that light-house, and with the sea all rough a-round, so that, for weeks at a time, you could not go to the shore ? George has no sleds, no skates, to play with. He could not use them. Yet he is glad, and thanks God for his bles'sings.

SANDY BAY.



MY NORA.

OLD organ-grinder, in your round,
Few infant homes you miss :
Tell me if you have ever found
So fair a babe as this.

Look, butcher-boy ! From door to door
You go, that folks may dine :
Say, did you ever see before
So bright a babe as mine ?

Policeman, as you walk the street,
Hundreds you see and hear ;
But did you ever, ever meet
A babe one half so dear ?

Now see her spring, and hear her crow,
To fill my heart's desire !
She knows I doat, and laughs to know :
She knows you all admire.

NORA'S MOTHER.

A TREAT FOR THE OLD COW.



It was the first mild day of March. John saw a spot where the green grass had begun to grow on the south side of a hill.

“Now,” said John, “I will give the old cow a treat.” So he went to the barn, and drove her out to the spot where she could eat the nice fresh grass. How glad she was!

John is kind to man and beast. At night he asks himself, “Have I done a kindness to-day to some one?” And he prays to God to put it into his heart to act up to those words of Christ which bid us love one another.



THE ANGLER AND THE FISH.

Mary. — Now, children, leave your books, and let us have a game.

Charles. — What shall it be ?

Arthur. — I speak for "Puss in the Corner," "Hunt the Slipper," or "Blind-man's Buff." I don't care which.

Mary. — No: I have thought of a new game, — one that we have never played. It is called "The Angler and the Fish."

Julia. — Tell us about it, Mary.

Mary. — First, each one of us must take the name of some fish. What will you be, Arthur ?

Arthur. — I will be a salmon: I am fond of salmon.

Mary. — Well, you must be able to tell all about it, — where it is caught, whether in rivers or out at sea; how large it grows; what its habits are; and at what time of the year it is found.

Arthur. — I think I can tell all that.

Ruth. — I will be a halibut.

Mary. — In that case, I hope you will know more of it than the young bride did who told the market-man to send her a few halibuts home for dinner.

Ruth. — Why, a halibut weighs fifty or sixty pounds.

Charles. — Yes; and sometimes a good deal more.

Ann. — I will be a trout.

Mary. — A trout is good, but hard to catch. What will you be, Lucy?

Lucy. — I will be a sardine.

Mary. — But do you know how it gets its name of *sardine*? Because, if we ask you the question by and by, and you fail to answer it, you will have to pay a forfeit.

Lucy. — I only know that the sardine is quite small, and that it comes to us from Europe in tin boxes.

Mary. — It gets its name from Sardinia; for it is found near the coast of that island.

Charles. — I will be a whale.

Mary. — Well, now remember, all of you, what you are. I will be the angler. I will take this rod, and tie a string to it, and put this piece of cloth on the end of the string for a bait.

Arthur. — Ha, ha! Who ever heard of catching fish with a piece of cloth?

Mary. — You are not as wise as you think you are, Arthur; for mackerel and some other fish may be caught with no better bait than a rag of red flannel.

Charles. — Well, what have we fishes got to do?

Mary. — I will tell you. I, being the angler, must be blindfolded. There! Now I throw out my line, and sing,—

“Fishes small, and fishes great,
Come, and seize my tempting bait.”

And, as soon as I feel a fish pulling at my line, I must guess what fish it is.

Julia. — What if you guess wrong?

Mary. — If I guess wrong, I must let the fish go, and try again. As soon as I guess right, the fish has to give a full account of himself in answer to my questions.

Arthur. — What if he answers wrong?

Mary. — If he makes a mistake — If, for example, you, who play you are a salmon, say you are caught out at sea, instead of in a river, then you have to pay a forfeit for the first mistake; and, after three mistakes, you have to take my part of angler, while I take the part of any fish I choose.

Charles. — Come on, Mr. Angler! We are ready for you. Throw out your line now, and catch us if you can. [*They begin to play, as represented in the picture.*]

EMILY CARTER.

A TRUE STORY OF A SQUIRREL.

THERE was once a family of gray squirrels, living in a tree on the Common, in Boston. Little Edwin liked to look out of the window, and watch them as they ran up and down the tree, almost as fast as a bird can fly.

Sometimes Edwin would sit on the grass, and feed them with nuts. One little squirrel, which he named Bunny, grew so tame that he would feed from Edwin's hand. When Edwin called "Bunny!" Bunny would come scampering down the tree, as fast as he could, and nestle close to the little boy, who was sure to have a nut all ready for him.

Bunny would take the nut in his fore-paws, which he used as hands; and, sitting almost upright on his hind legs, would crack it with his sharp teeth. After eating it, he would look at Edwin with his large, bright, black eyes; and then give a little chirp, as much as to say, "Little boy, little boy, I am waiting for another nut."

When Bunny had eaten enough, he would carry the rest in his mouth up the tree, and hide it in a hole, so that he could have it when the cold winter weather came.

The squirrels used to run up a vine which grew along the side of the house in which Edwin lived; and they would play about on the balcony. Bunny was so tame that he would run into the nursery, through the window, and make Edwin a visit.

One morning, when Edwin woke, he saw something at the head of his bed. You will laugh when I tell you what it was. It was Bunny! Yes: there sat Bunny, upright on his hind legs, looking as full of fun as he could, and just as if he wanted to say, "Wake up, wake up, lazy boy! I want my breakfast."

Kind little Edwin jumped up, and gave him some nuts. After that, Bunny came in at the window every morning before Edwin was up; and always sat on his pillow, in that same funny way, waiting for the little boy to wake and feed him.

After a while, something sad, oh, quite sad! happened to poor Bunny. He was fond of leaping across the staging which the men used in building the Public Library. One day, as he was running across the narrow plank, his foot slipped, and down poor little Bunny fell; oh, so far! down, down to the side-walk. He lay quite still; for his leg was broken, and he could not move.

His mother, or one of his brothers or sisters, who may have been on the tree, probably saw him fall, or heard his cries; for, almost at once, there came some squirrels running across the mall, to see what was the matter.

What do you think they did when they found Bunny in so sad a plight? They did not run away, and leave him on the side-walk, for heedless men and boys to step on. Oh, no!

they could not be so cruel. I will tell you what they did. They carefully lifted the poor little sufferer, and carried him back to his nest. They were obliged to move very slowly; for Bunny was a fat little fellow, and quite heavy. But, at last, his good friends got him safe home; and there, I think, they must have taken good care of him, and carried him his food so long as he was too lame to go after it himself.

A whole week passed by, and Edwin feared he should never see his dear Bunny again. But, one fine day, whom should he see but Bunny, limping across the mall, with two or three other squirrels with him, as if they thought he was not strong enough to go alone!

Edwin was very happy to see his little friend once more, and to give him some nice nuts. I know you will be glad to learn, that Bunny soon grew so well that he could run and leap just as he did before his fall, and could come and wake Edwin up in the morning.

Was it not good in the little squirrels to help one of their number when he was hurt, and needed help so much? Do you not think they were an excellent family? I do. And I hope that all my little friends will try, like the squirrels, to be kind and loving. "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you."

ACORN.





PANSY'S PET.

"I MAY say with truth, that I am a very pretty cat. Ten times a day I hear it said by the little girl I belong to. Her name is Pansy. She is very kind to me.

"She lets me sit by her at table, and have a plate, all my own, to eat out of. Once in a while I put my paw in her plate, and claw out a bit of meat. But she never scolds me. She only says, 'Tom, you are a beauty.'

"Pansy's papa gives me nice things, when he dines at home. I wish her mother would do as much. But she thinks that cats should not have the best pieces of meat. I do not agree with her.

"Still, she is not bad to me; for she lets me run on the table, and eat sponge-cake. Once I put my fore-foot into the gravy-dish, and she said I was naughty; but I think she was the naughty one to put the dish in my way.

"One day, not long ago, Pansy took me up stairs for my nap on her bed. Out of the corner of my eye I saw in a cage two little yellow-birds. I thought they were for me. So I ran as fast as I could, and jumped on the chair, and tried to get them. All the folks cried out, 'Scat! Get down, Tom!' And that scared me so, I ran under the bed, and spit at them.

"Since that time, if I so much as look at the birds, everybody cries out, 'Stop, Tom!'

"I hate those birds. I do wish I could eat them up; and I *will* do it some day if I am left alone with them. I do not want Pansy to have any pet but me.

"She has an ugly black-and-white kitten. He has six claws; and they call him Tosey. I wish I could eat him too. I tried to do it once or twice; but I got a box on the ear for it, and now, he is so big, he claws me if I bite him too hard.

"If I could get a big dog to do the job for me, I would like it much. At any rate, you may take my word for it, Tosey and the birds are not long for this world. They must be put out of my way.

"There is a very cross old cat down in the kitchen. They say she is my mother; but I do not believe it. She spits and growls at me when I go near her. A nice sort of mother that! What a sweet temper she must have! Does your mother treat *you* so?

"I am three years old, and I have lived with Pansy since I was born. Some time I will tell you more about us all, and whether I get a chance to eat up Tosey and the birds."

Such, I think, would be the account that Pansy's Pet would give of himself, if he could talk or write. Pansy will see that it is all true when she reads this, as she soon will, in print.



GOOD-BY, CANDLE!

My young friend Albert did not like to go to sleep in the dark. He would have a candle left burning in his room every night. Now, it happened that the old cow in the barn had a calf.

This calf was to be given to the butcher to be killed. Albert begged that the life of the calf might be saved; and Albert's father said, "If you will go to sleep every night without a candle, you shall have the calf for your own."

"I will do it!" cried Albert. And he did it. That night when his mother put him to bed, and after he had said his prayers, he cried out, "Good-by, candle!"

And so he learned to sleep without a light. And the calf became his own, and grew to be a fine large animal; and Albert used to feed it himself.

Albert loves to be in the fields, and to help the men rake hay. He hopes to be a farmer when he grows up.



"COME HERE TO ME, LITTLE SWALLOW!"

"COME HERE TO ME, LITTLE SWALLOW!"

THERE was once a little swallow who had her nest in a hole in a rock near the sea. In the nest she had four young swallows, who looked to her for food and care.

She was a good, kind mother to these little ones, and was up bright and early every morning to go in search of flies for them to eat. They were hungry little things; and almost all the time, when awake, they would keep opening their bills, and they would make a twittering noise, which meant, "Oh, do give us something to eat! We shall starve if you don't give us something to eat."

This kept the poor mother all the time busy. And so, one windy day in April, she left her warm nest to go after some flies. But, as she turned the corner of a rock, a gust of wind blew her from the shore; and in flying she hit the mast of a vessel, and fell into a fold of the main-sail.

The poor bird was stunned so, that she did not move for a long, long while. By and by the sailors began to hoist the sail; and that started the little bird so, that she darted off through the air.

But the bruise she had got in hitting the mast made her wings lame, and she soon began to feel very tired. "Oh, if I could only light somewhere and rest!" thought the poor weary bird. But she could not rest on the waves like a gull. She was not a sea-bird. What could she do?

On and on she flew; but still the land was a great way off. Oh! she must surely sink now. She cannot go much farther. But look! there is a fine large ship sailing swiftly over the sea to the land. Could she reach that ship, she might light on the mast, and be safe.

Ah! she is so very, very tired, she fears she cannot do it; but she will try. On she goes. There is a little boy on the deck of the ship. It is William, the captain's son. William has caught sight of the stray bird. He pities the stray bird; and he calls out, "Come here to me, little swallow!"

The little swallow does not need to be asked twice. She flies over the ship's side, and falls on the deck. Poor bird! She could not have flown another rod.

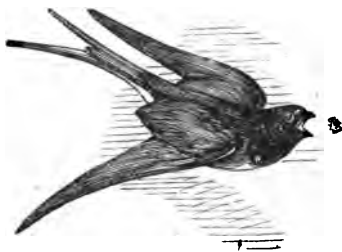
With great care, William took her up in his hands, and carried her into the cabin, and fed her with some nice warm meal and water. He was so gentle with her, that she was not much scared. When he had fed her, he took her up on deck, and put her in the small boat which hung at the stern of the ship, where the warm sun could shine on her.

"Now, little swallow," said William, "I know you have some young ones who are waiting for you at home; and so I will not try to keep you. Rest there till you feel strong enough to fly."

So the little swallow rested, and all the while the good ship was sailing nearer and nearer to the land. By and by the little swallow popped up her head and looked about; and what should she see but the old rock where she had her nest! Oh! was she not glad?

"Now," thought she, "I will go home; for my four little children must be very hungry by this time." William sat near, watching her movements.

The little swallow rose into the air, and flew three times round William's head; and I think, if she could have spoken, she would have said, "You have been very kind to me, and I thank you." Then off she darted, and flew to her nest.



What a twittering there was among the hungry little swallows when their mother got back! How glad they all were! They had thought she never was coming. How they did beg for food! The good mother set to work at once, and got all the flies she could find for her young. That night she slept well in her warm nest, for she was indeed very tired.

EMILY CARTER.

THE EAGLE AND THE JACKDAW.

JOHN and Ralph were at play in the field near a wide ditch. A tall man came along and jumped over the ditch, and went on his way.

"That was well done," said John to Ralph: "I wish I could jump like that."

"It is no great thing to jump that ditch," said Ralph. "I can do it. You shall see me do it."

"Don't try it," said John. "That man's legs were twice as long as yours, and he had no easy work in reaching the other side safely. You will be very foolish to try to jump that ditch."

"Stand back," cried Ralph. "I will show you that some things can be done as well as others. Here goes! one, two, three, and away I go."

And away he went in truth, — right into the middle of the ditch, where the mud was up to his hips.

John helped him out, and said, "You remind me, Ralph, of Æsop's fable of the eagle and the jackdaw."

"Don't talk to me of eagles and jackdaws," whined Ralph. "Look at my clothes! What will mother say when she sees me?"

But a week afterwards, when John and Ralph were walking home from school on a fine day in April, Ralph said,

"By the way, John, tell me that fable of the eagle and the jackdaw."

"Here it is," said John: "An eagle flew down from a high rock, seized on a lamb, and bore him away in her claws. A jackdaw who saw it thought she would do like the eagle, and so flew round and round, and at last settled on a large ram, thinking to carry him off.

"But the jackdaw's claws became entangled in the fleece



of the ram so that the poor bird could not get away, flutter as hard as she might. At last the shepherd came up, and caught the jackdaw.

"He clipped the bird's wings, and took her home at night, and gave her to his children. On their asking what kind of bird it was, he replied, 'To my certain knowledge, she is a jackdaw; but she would have it that she was an eagle.'"

Ralph smiled, and said, "Better try and fail than never try at all! I will learn to jump that ditch yet." EMILY CARTER

THE CHICK-A-DEE-DEE'S ADVICE.

A LITTLE Gold-robin with very red breast

Sat perched on a tree near a Chick-a-dee's nest.

"Will you go and pick cherries," said Robin, "with me?"

"I've no time to spare," said the Chick-a-dee-dee.

"And what do you live on?" said Robin Red-breast.

"The worms from the garden: I like them the best."

"And where do you find them? Pray, come and show me."

"Go hunt for yourself," said the Chick-a-dee-dee.

"And where do you sleep?" asked the Robin Red-breast.

"High up in the tree is my snug little nest."

"Any birdies?" asked Robin. "Ah, yes! I have three:

Fine birdies they are!" said the Chick-a-dee-dee.

"Do you never get weary?" said Robin Red-breast.

"Yes, often; but then I can lie down and rest:

Those three little birds, for their food, look to me;

So I must work hard," said the Chick-a-dee-dee.

"But work is not pleasant," said Robin Red-breast.

"Ah! love makes it pleasant, love gives it a zest.

Just try it: here's straw, and, look!—there is a tree!

Go build now a nest," said the Chick-a-dee-dee.

So off flew the Robin with very red breast:

She gathered up straws, and she made a nice nest;

She hatched four young robins. "Oh, joy! Look at me!"

"Now work, and be glad," said the Chick-a-dee-dee.



THE SONG OF THE DUCKS.

SPRING is coming, spring is here !
All ye ducks and geese, draw near !
Come and join us in our folly ;
All ye waddlers, come, be jolly !
 Quack, quack ! — quack, quack, quack !
Good soft mud and running water
 Now we shall not lack, — not lack !

See, the snows are melting, going,
And the little streams are flowing ;
Buds are swelling, birds are singing,
Odors sweet the wind is bringing ;
Little girls and boys are straying,
Or in sunny places playing,
Seeking buttercups and clover,
While their hearts with joy run over.
But — what goose can't see it plainly ? —
Spring for *us* is given mainly.

 Quack, quack ! — quack, quack, quack !
Good soft mud and running water
 Now we shall not lack, — not lack !

EMILY CARTER.

THE APRIL SHOWER.

DOWN, down, came the rain. Jane and Ruth were on their way to school. Each had a bag in her right hand, and Jane had in her left hand an umbrella.

“Let us go under that pine-tree, and wait till the rain is over,” said Ruth. So they went under the pine-tree; and there they stood till the sun came out, and there was no more rain.

But the rain-drops were bright on the grass, and on the trees where the young leaves had just begun to sprout. The birds flew from twig to twig, and sang glad songs.

Jane and Ruth went on to school. In the road they met a boy who had

a bird in his hat. He had got it from a nest near by. "What will you give me for this bird?" he asked.

Now, these little girls liked to see the birds free and happy; and at first Jane thought she would knock the



boy's hat, so that the bird could get free and fly off.

Then the boy set out to run, but fell, and the bird flew off. "I am glad the bird is free," said Jane. "So am I," said Ruth.

THE BROKEN WAGON.

FANNY and Anne had been having a nice time playing with their dolls and toys. At last they put on the waxen doll's bonnet, and placed her in the basket-wagon for a ride. Little Anne was to drag her round first. Away she started at a quick pace, dolly sitting up as straight as need be.

How merry and happy Anne was as she ran round and round the room! But, ah! what is the matter now? What has happened? The wagon won't go on!

Anne looks round, and, oh dear! such a sight as meets her eye!—poor dolly thrown on her back, her feet high up in the air, her arm thrust out of the wagon, and the wagon itself all down on the floor! The wheel has come off.

This is too much for little Anne. She bursts into tears, crying out, "Oh, my dolly, my dolly! My nice wagon, too, all broken!"

Fanny runs to Anne's help at once, puts her arm about her, and says, "Don't cry so, dear: dolly isn't hurt. See how bright she looks! She is all right, and the wagon can be mended. Brother Charles can mend it when he comes home. Now dry your eyes, darling, and I will tell you a nice story."

So Anne tries to wipe away her tears, and choke her sobs.

Fanny begins, "Once there was a little dog. He was a white, shaggy dog, with one or two brown spots on him. His name was Jip. He had a funny-looking face. He would come and turn it up to you, and whine, and seem to say, 'Do pet me, and talk to me, and praise me.'

"When you would say, 'You are a nice little dog, Jip,' he

would whine again, as if he meant, 'Thank you ;' and then he would lie down at your feet. Now, Jip belonged to some little girls my Aunt Caroline knew."

"Is it a real, true story?" Anne sobs out.

"Yes, Anne: Aunt Caroline told it to me. Jip did not



like to be washed, even when he had been rolling in the dirt, and his fur was full of dust and twigs and briers. But nurse could not let him play with her little girls in such a plight; so she would try to catch him to give him a good scrubbing.

"The little rogue would understand what nurse meant to

do, and would run away from her round the table, behind chairs, and into dark corners. But nurse would get him at last; and when he came out of the tub of warm soap-suds, and was rubbed dry with a coarse towel, he would look like a big snow-ball, so white and clean.

"Such a coward as he was, Anne! — afraid even of the nice old pussy-cat. This is the way he would do: Pussy would be lying quietly, half-asleep on the rug. Jip would come along, and give her a soft touch with his paw. He really was fond of puss, and wanted she should like him; but pussy did not care for him, and was cross at being roused from her nap. So she would turn round upon Jip, and spit at him, as pussies always do when they are cross.

"Oh! how Jip would scamper away! You would have thought he had been shot, he would cry out so.

"Then Jip always wanted to walk out in the fields and to school with these little girls. When they drove him back sometimes, and said, 'No, Jip, you can't go; run home; school is no place for little dogs,' — he would pretend to mind, but, instead, would hide away somewhere, and, after a while, would take some round-a-bout way; and the first thing these little girls would see when they had got nearly to the end of their walk was — guess what, Anne?"

"Jip!" says little Anne in the brightest manner, her tears all gone now, and smiles in their place.

So Fanny ends her story, which has made Anne quite happy again, and soon kisses her a good-by.

As Fanny goes home, she feels herself very happy. Can you tell me why, dear little reader? Because she has found out a secret, that I want to whisper in your ear, — *the only sure way to be happy yourself is to make others happy about you.*



TO MARY ASKING QUESTIONS.

OH! learn to wait, and learn to think,

Till God shall make all clear :

Much that is dark and doubtful now

Shall bright through Him appear.

See yonder bud that folds the fruit ;

How long it has to wait !

Chilled by the snow-drift and the rain,

The time of bloom seems late.

Look on those little birds who wait

For leaves to clothe the spray :

The cold east wind, the driving sleet,

Make the mild spring delay.

So must my Mary patient be

Till mind and heart shall grow :

Truth's blossoms stay for time and thought ;

Wait, think, if you would *know*.



MY FRIEND'S DOG MOP.

I HAVE told you of my friend's dogs Jock and Nic; but I have not yet told you of Mop. I will now tell you of Mop. Here is a picture of Mop as she sat in a chair. It is a good likeness.

She was called Mop because she was so woolly that she looked like a mop. She was a very dear and faithful dog; and I can tell you two stories of her, which prove that she was a wise dog too.

Once when she had pups, she had too many to bring up herself; and so my friend took two of the pups, and gave them to another dog to take care of and to nurse. Mop followed my friend when he took the pups away, and she seemed to know what he did it for.

She went back to those that were left to her; but after that, regularly every morning she used to go to see to her two little pups that were out to nurse. It was as if she wanted to make sure they were well taken care of. Having

satisfied herself of this, she used to return to those under her own charge.

Was that not wise of Mop, and loving too ?

I will now tell you a story that shows how faithful she was. My friend lived near the sea ; and one day his wife went down to the beach to bathe. Mop went with her.

Now, Mop hated the water, and could not be made to go into it. In this she was unlike most dogs ; but so it was. The first time she saw my friend's wife go into the water, Mop was very uneasy, and ran up and down the beach whining and making a great fuss.

As my friend's wife got into deeper water, Mop began to yelp ; and at last, when Mop saw my friend's wife up to the neck in the sea, Mop gave one loud howl, jumped into the water, swam out to her, and seized her by the arm.

Mop thus showed she was brave as well as fond. She must have thought that my friend's wife was going to be drowned, and so swam out to save her, though the poor dog hated the water so much. It would have been mere sport for a water-dog ; but in Mop it was something more.

UNCLE CHARLES.

PERSEVERE.

THE fisher who draws in his net too soon

Won't have many fish to sell ;

The child who shuts up his book too soon

Won't learn any lessons well.

For, if you would have your learning stay,

Be patient ; don't read too fast :

The man who travels a mile each day

Will get round the world at last.

LUCIAN AND HIS COUSIN.

THE folks were all out, — all except old Mrs. Tripp, Lucian, and his cousin Lily.

Old Mrs. Tripp was the house-keeper. She was deaf, and took snuff, and did not think well of "Mother Goose."

Lucian was seven years old, and Lily was five. They had read "Mother Goose's Melodies;" and they thought highly of the book. They also knew the story of "Jack the Giant-killer" by heart, and could tell all about "The Forty Thieves."

Mrs. Tripp gave the children a map of the world, and told them to study it, and be good.

Mrs. Tripp went to sleep. Then Lucian said to Lily, "We two are quite old, Lily, and pretty large of our age. Look! this small dot on the map is the town where we live. It is but a small part of the world, as you see."

"Yes," said Lily. "I like best that part of the world which is red. I do not like the yellow part, nor the blue part."

"Mrs. Tripp is a tyrant," said Lucian; "and she takes snuff."

"What can we do about it?" asked Lily. "Do tyrants all take snuff?"

"I never heard that they did. I will tell you what we can do, Lily, to get rid of her. We can go forth and see the world, and seek our fortunes."

"But would not that be wrong?" asked Lily.

"It would be wrong if we were very young and small," said Lucian; "but old as we are, and well able to take care of ourselves, it is right that we should see the world. Here on the map is a great space that is white. I think that folks



LUCIAN AND HIS COUSIN.

cannot have been there much. It lies that way, you see, beyond the garden and through the field. Let us go there."

Lily thought the plan a good one; but, as she had a sharp appetite, she wanted to know what they should do for food.

"I will take my satchel with me," said Lucian, "and in it I will put some bread, a pint of peanuts, a good many apples, and a flask of molasses and water."

"That will do nicely," said Lily. "I must take Jewel along with me."

Jewel was a pet lamb; not a live lamb, but one her aunt had bought at a toy-shop.

Behold the two cousins now on their journey. Lucian took a good stout stick which he found in the hall. As they left the house, he turned and said, "Good-by, old house! Good-by, Mrs. Tripp! Good-by, Mrs. Tripp's snuff-box! We must tear ourselves away. We two are going on our travels."

You may see a picture of the two cousins as they looked when they bade good-by to the house.

As no one except the cat saw them leave the house, no one could ask them where they were going. Mrs. Tripp was fast asleep. Reka the maid was not to be seen.

The children walked on, and soon came to a hedge which made the bound of the garden on the east. They crept through a hole in this hedge, and then sat down on the stump of a tree, and rested.

Lucian drew forth from his satchel the flask, and handed it to Lily. She drank some molasses and water. He drank some himself. They then ate some peanuts and an apple.

Much refreshed by their meal, they walked on. All at once some turkeys saw them, and ran at them, crying, "Gobble, gobble!" Lily hid behind Lucian. He boldly threatened the turkeys with his stick, and the frightful things ran off.

"You see I am no coward," said Lucian.

Having got rid of this danger, the cousins went on till a loud scream from Lily made Lucian start and turn.

"I saw a snake!" cried Lily. "Look there!"

She pointed to something green on the ground, and the brave Lucian thrust at it with his stick. But it did not move; and, on his looking at it closely, he found it was a piece of a pumpkin-vine. This was their second great danger.

But young ladies who travel must learn not to scream at trifles. Lily's scream had been heard by Reka the maid, who was on her way home from the grocer's shop. She came up, and said, "Why, you naughty children! I was told not to let you go farther than the garden. Come home with me this minute."

So Reka led the children home; and, on the way, Lucian blamed Lily for screaming so.

"I will be more careful the next time," said Lily.

"Folks who hope to see the great world must be brave," said Lucian. "We will lay our plans better the next time."

You shall hear more of Lucian and his cousin.

ESTELLE KARR

LEARN TO OBEY.

I KNOW a child, and who she is

I'll tell you by and by:

When mamma says, "Do this," or "that,"

She says, "What for?" and "Why?"

She'd be a better child by far,

If she would say, "I'll try."

A STORY ABOUT JACK FROST.

ONE bright Christmas morning long ago, that little fellow we call Jack Frost was very busy. He was running round a nice white house, trying his best to get in at the windows or doors to see the pretty things that were making little Willie and his sister Fanny so happy.

He had chased the big dog Cato around, pinching his ears, and nipping the end of his nose, until poor Cato was glad to run to the door whining for his little master to let him in.

Fanny's cat Bruno had not even dared to show her face out of doors all the morning; and the black rooster that always promenaded so proudly about the yard was found standing, first on one foot, and then on the other; while all the hens were huddled together in one corner of the shed.

Even old Lily the cow stood shivering in the barn, wishing the sunshine would come round to the little window over her manger.

But Willie had a new sled; and, cold as the day was, he begged to go out and try it: so Fanny put on her warm hood and cloak, and they started out to slide down the big hill behind the barn.

As they went out, there stood Cato on the porch; and Willie said, "Come, Cato, that's a good fellow, — come draw the sled up hill for me." But Cato only wagged his tail, and shook his head, as much as to say, "You don't catch me out playing to day;" so they had to go without him.

They took three or four slides, and were quite merry; but pretty soon Jack Frost trod on Willie's toes, and then pinched his fingers, till the poor boy could hardly keep from crying.

Then he and his sister ran back to the house, glad to hang up the sled, and go in to the bright cheerful fire.

Just then a sleigh drove up; and a friend came in, bringing Fanny a beautiful rose. It was carefully covered up; but Jack Frost peeped in, and saw it, and thought to himself, "Ah, ha! I will have a smell of that lovely rose to-night! See if I don't get into the parlor, when they are all



gone to bed. And then I'll pay Miss Fanny for being so rude to me to-day. She slammed the door right in my face."

So all the evening Jack kept looking in the parlor windows; and he could see how Fanny had put her rose in a dainty little vase right beside her on the table.

But at last it got to be bedtime; and she took up the little flower, and kissed it, and said, "Good-night, little flower! You are the sweetest Christmas gift of all!"

Then her father put out the lights, and all was quiet, — all but Jack Frost! He was busier than ever, trying to get in.

And about four o'clock in the morning, in he came! And first of all he took his little palette and brush, and covered the window-panes with all sorts of beautiful drawings of trees and torrents, and queer old castles.

Then he went to the table, and leaned over, saying, "Sweet little flower, dear little flower!" But the little flower shivered clear to her heart at his kiss; and the water in the vase turned to ice with such a sigh, that the vase burst in two and fell over.

When Fanny came down in the morning, her beautiful rose was standing up cold and stiff in a little lump of ice, while the vase lay broken beside it!

This happened many years ago. Fanny is a woman now; but she has not forgotten that sweet little rose, or the little vase which held it, or the mischief which was done by Jack Frost that cold morning after Christmas.

COUSIN FANNY.



SPEARING THE SEAL.

FAR off, in the cold seas of the North, where the shores are lined with ice, and great fields of ice float on the waves, there are men who go forth in their little skiffs to spear the seal and other animals that are found in the water or on the ice. Here is a picture of one of these men in his frail skiff. He is clothed in skins, and he has a spear in his hand. Even in summer, the weather is cold in those northern seas; though now and then there is a fine warm day. But in winter the cold is hard to bear.



THE FIRST ROBIN.

"O BILLY! Billy! Billy!
I know 'twill soon be spring!"

"And pray how do you know it?"

"I've heard a robin sing.

"The snow is in the meadow still,
The wind is piping loud and shrill;
But to the garden cherry-tree
He came, this morn, and sang to me.

"And thus he sang: 'I've come at last,
And spring is following sure and fast.
She'll soon be here (look out! look out!)
To scatter blossoms all about!"

"Bright daffodils will nod their heads,
And pinks make sweet your garden beds;

Like stars will dandelions shine,
And red buds swell upon the vine;
And from the green grass will look up
The yellow, yellow buttercup.

"Tall ferns will wave the brook beside,
Thick leaves the maple-boughs will hide;
And safe among them, glad and blest,
My mate and I will build our nest."

"Oh! snows may fall and winds may roar,
But winter-time is almost o'er:
Upon the garden cherry-tree
I've heard a robin sing;
And Billy! Billy! Billy!
I know 'twill soon be spring."

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

HARK TO THE BELLS !

"TURN again, turn again, turn again, Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London."

That was what the chiming bells seemed to say to the boy who sat by the road-side with his bundle and stick on the ground.

His name was Richard Whittington. He had come from the small village where he was born, and where his father and mother had both died, leaving him a poor orphan.

He made up his mind to go to London and seek for work. When not far from the great city, he sat down by the road-side. He felt tired and sad.

"I have no friends in London to help me," thought he. "I fear I have done a foolish thing in coming up here. I may as well turn back. There are folks at home who will not let me starve."

As these thoughts passed through his mind, he turned his face away from London, and began to grow sleepy and to dream. He dreamed that he went to London, and, by being honest and faithful, was so trusted by people that at last he rose to be Lord Mayor.

While he dreamed this dream, the bells began to chime; and the tune, mingling with his dream, fitted itself to these words: "Turn again, turn again, turn again, Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London."

The little boy started up, and walked on to the great city. "Who knows," thought he, "if I am good and honest, as my dream told me I must be, that I may not indeed live to be Lord Mayor?"

And so, when he got to London, he went from place to place in search of work. At last an honest shopkeeper who liked his looks said to him, "I will hire you to tend in my shop; and, if I find you faithful and true, I will keep you."

Richard became a shop-boy; and he did so well, that, in



a few years, the shopkeeper made him his partner; and Richard was so honest, that all the folks who dealt with him used to say, "Whittington's word is good as his bond: he never tells a lie."

So when a Lord Mayor was wanted,—one who could be trusted by all,—who was there they could think of but Richard Whittington? Three times he was made Lord Mayor of London.

He was a wise and good man. He gave his wealth freely to the poor, and founded many useful charities. Though he lived more than three hundred years ago, he is still thought of and praised by young and old.

Now, was it not a good dream that told him, first of all, to be *honest*? It is not always the honest who become rich or rise to power; but it is the honest only, who win true peace of mind: and that is better than riches, better than power.

ALFRED SELWYN.



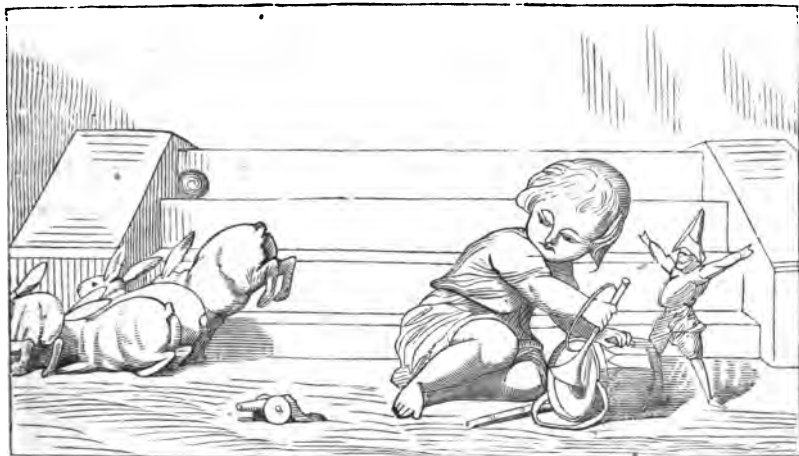
GEN. ROBERT'S FIRST BATTLE.

*GEN. ROBERT goes out as far as the front door-step. He has with him his drum, his trumpet, and his cannon. Like a true soldier, he loves drums, trumpets, and cannon.

He also takes with him to-day Mr. Punchinello. If you never saw Mr. Punchinello, you shall go with me some time to a toy-shop, and I will show him to you.

To-day Gen. Robert fixes his head-quarters at the foot of the door-step. There he will go through his drill.

But hark! What is that he hears? Pit-pat, Pat-pit! Is



it the enemy? Ah! that careless boy who works in the garden has left open the door of the stable where he put some rabbits he brought home last night.

They are coming,— the enemy,— a whole army of rabbits— fierce and terrible! Gen. Robert has never seen any before. What will become of him? Surprised by this sudden attack, he is forced to abandon his battery to the enemy. Resistance is not to be thought of.

What could you expect him to do against three such foes? He cannot count upon any help from Mr. Punchinello; for Mr. Punchinello is a coward. Just see him sink down behind the drum!

Gen. Robert is frightened. Is it to be wondered at? The

rabbits at once go to his cannon to eat it; and, after they have eaten his cannon, may they not eat his trumpet? and, after that, may they not eat Gen. Robert himself?

One cannot tell what such creatures will do next. They make no noise; but they look as if they meant mischief. They are up to any thing. There is only one course for a prudent general, and that is to retreat.

In turning to retreat, Gen. Robert hits the drum with the trumpet. Boom, boom! Stay now! Look! The noise has put the rabbits to flight. They run off helter-skelter. Their rout is complete. The poltroons!

Hurrah! Gen. Robert wins the victory! He feels his courage come back. He no longer has any fear. Let those rabbits come now, if they dare, and try to eat his cannon. Gen. Robert is ready for them. He is a true soldier. He is brave.

As for Mr. Punchinello, he is always brave — when there is no longer any danger. Look at him with his arms thrown up in the air! O Mr. Punchinello! you are very brave now that the enemy have fled.

A PAPA.

JOHN AND THE HEN.



"Kut, kut, kut — kut, tar'kuk!"
Do you know whose voice that is? I can tell you: it is the voice of the old hen. She was sitting on her nest in the hay, when John came along and scared her. He did not mean to scare her; for he did not see where she was. She ran into the yard, and began to scratch for worms in the earth. See her at work!



HOW TOM WILL NOT SCRATCH BABY.

I HAVE a nice black cat whose name is Tom. When he was a kit'ten, he would let my lit'tle neph'ew Ar'thur dress him up with a night-cap. You may see a picture of Tom in the arms of Ar'thur.

But those days are gone by. Ar'thur, in-stead of play'ing with kit'tens, has to go to school; and Tom has grown in-to a large, strong cat. A ba'by, too, has been born, whose name is No'ra. She is six months old.

Tom keeps my house free from rats and mice. He does

not steal, and it is rare that he tries to scratch. But the oth'er day, for the first time, he scratched me; and I did not blame him for it much. I will tell you why.

No'ra likes to feel the soft warm fur on Tom's back. For some time, Tom let her pull his ears and his fur as much as she chose. Tom seems to know she is a ba'by, and so he is not cross to her. But No'ra has grown so strong now, that she pulls quite hard.

The oth'er day I had her in my arms, and Tom was in a chair close by, when she took hold of Tom's neck with both her hands as if to choke him. Tom tried to make her let go; but let go she would not.

Then Tom must have thought, "This ba'by knows no bet'ter than to choke me thus; but her moth'er ought to know bet'ter than to let her do it. I must not scratch the ba'by; but I think I may scratch her moth'er."

And so Tom gave me a slight scratch on my wrist, which made me take ba'by's hands off from his neck, so that he could jump down. I did not scold Tom, or strike him; for I was glad he scratched me in-stead of ba'by. Was he not a wise cat to know that I was the one he ought to pun'ish?

I can tell you another little story of Tom. He is very fond of the baby; and, when her mother is away, he seems to think that he ought to see that the baby is not hurt. The other day a strange dog came in. He was a pretty big dog too. He came up to smell of the baby; when Tom spit at the big dog so fiercely, and growled so, that he was glad to get out of the way as fast as he could.

Another time a big rat came into the room where the baby lay asleep. I never saw Tom so fierce before. His hair stood on end with anger. He sprang on the poor rat, and killed him in a shorter time than it has taken me to tell you of the rat's fate.

A FOOLISH FROLIC.

WE cannot live without a plenty of fresh air. Children should bear this in mind, and never shut themselves up in places where as much fresh air as they want cannot be had.

Let me tell you of what took place in Mobile, the 23d of January, 1868. Two children — a boy of ten years of age, and his sister, about six years old — had been playing in the yard.

Near by was a carpenter's chest. It was empty, and large enough for the children to get into it. They thought it would be a fine frolic to get in and shut themselves up. They did so; but, when the lid fell, the hasp caught upon the staple, and fastened them in. They did not know that without fresh air they would soon die.

They cried out; but no one heard them. They strove to force open the lid, but could not do it. Their mother supposed they were safely at play; but when dinner-time came, and no children were to be seen, she got anxious, and looked for them.

For a long time she looked in vain. She could not think what had become of them. At last, as she passed the chest, she heard a slight noise. She hastily threw up the lid, and saw the children clasped in each other's arms, and nearly dead.

The doctor was at once sent for; but it was a long while before the children were brought to their senses. I am glad to say their lives were saved. I think they will never do so foolish a thing again.



WHAT IS PRAYER ?

SEE them at prayer. It is the Lord's Prayer they are saying. It is called the Lord's Prayer because Christ himself first gave it to the world. When we pray, let us fix our thoughts on what we say. Let us pray from the heart. The lines on prayer, which I here quote, are by James Montgomery.

E. C.

PRAYER is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, " Behold, he prays ! "

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death :
He enters heaven with prayer.



LUCIAN AND HIS COUSIN.

LUCIAN AND HIS COUSIN.

"Now, cousin Lily," said Lucian, "if we mean to travel, we must not scream at every little thing. If you had not screamed the other day, Reka would not have stopped us and led us home."

"But I hate snakes," said Lily; "and I thought that the vine was a snake. I do not fear dogs or cows."

"Well," said Lucian, "go and get ready."

Lily left the room, but soon came back with four dolls in her arms.

"I must take all my dolls with me," said Lily: "I must have Flora and Belinda and Grace and Captain Dash. I will leave the rag-baby behind."

"I should be glad, Lily, to have all these ladies go with us," said Lucian, "and I have no fault to find with Captain Dash; but you must not think of taking them. They will only be in the way."

"But I may take Jewel, may I not?" asked Lily.

"Yes: Jewel is a lamb, and will not mind rough weather," said Lucian. "I shall take my flask and my knap'sack and my stick. The gun and sword I shall leave behind."

So Lily carried her dolls back to the baby-house, then put her straw hat on, and took Jewel up by one of his fore-legs. As he was only a toy-lamb, he did not mind this.

The cousins now left the house a second time, to see the great world, of which they had read in books.

They had no sooner got beyond the garden-gate than they heard a noise in the grass and bushes near by.

"Ah! what can that be?" cried Lily.

"I think it must be old Bob," said Lucian.

Sure enough, it was Old Bob, the great Newfoundland dog. He had come to look after the children.

"Now, Bob, do you go home," said Lucian. "We don't want you. Home, sir! home, this minute!"

Lucian took up a stone as if to throw at him, and then Bob ran back into the garden.

The little boy and girl walked on till they came to a dusty road. Here they took a side-path, and walked on till they came to a rock under a tree.

"I think it is about time to take something to drink," said Lucian.

So they sat down on the rock, and drank some sweetened water from the flask. But, as they rose to walk on, two rude boys came up, and one of the boys said, "I want that flask."

"You will not get this flask," said Lucian.

Then the other boy laid hold of Lucian's knap'sack, and tried to look into it.

"Let go!" said Lucian, throwing him off, and raising his stick.

"Here's a lamb, too! Baa, baa!" said the larger of the rude boys, trying to take Jewel away from Lily.

Lily began to cry. The rude boy laid his hand on her shoulder; but no sooner had he done so than there was a loud growl, and a tramp and a rush, and the next moment Old Bob the dog leaped forth from the bushes by the side of the path, and sprang at the rude boy with such force that the rude boy fell on to the ground.

Then the other rude boy ran off, screaming with fear; and the rude boy on the ground cried out, "Oh! don't let the dog bite me. Don't let him bite me! I'll never do so again. Call him off. Do!"

So Lily called off the dog, and then the rude boy got up, and ran away as fast as he could.

"Good old Bob!" said Lily. "How should we have got rid of those bad boys if it had not been for you?"

"Pooh!" said Lucian. "I could have kept them off with this stick."

"But you were not as big as they were," said Lily. "I think we had better go home now."

"What a girl you are!" said Lucian. "We shall never get on at this rate."

"I and Bob are going home," said Lily.

"Well, go, faint heart!" said Lucian.

So Lily and Bob went home; and by and by Lucian got to be hungry, and he went home too.

ESTELLE KARR.

THE WHIPPOORWILL.

WHEN the sun is in the west,
When the song-birds go to rest,
When around us all is still,
Comes the mournful whippoorwill.

Waiting till the sun is gone,
Comes he then, and sits alone
On the fence below the hill:
"Whippoorwill! whippoorwill!"

Nobody has yet found out
What it is he grieves about:
Ask him, and he answers still,
"Whippoorwill! whippoorwill!"

But, dear bird, for quiet rest,
Have you not some cosey nest?
In the meadow? on the hill?
Say, where lies it? "Whippoorwill!"

Whippoorwill, I cannot stay,
They are calling me away:
Should I linger, you would still
Only answer, "Whippoorwill!"

Dear, good night; to bed I go;
I shall dream of you, I know,—
Dream I hear you crying still,
"Whippoorwill! whippoorwill!"

MRS. A. M. WELLS.



ARTHUR'S VOYAGE.

ARTHUR sat on his father's knee ; and his father said to him,
"What has my little boy been about this rainy day?"

"I and Lucy have been on a voyage," said Arthur.

"On a voyage? And in such a storm?"

"Yes, papa, on a make-believe voyage, you know! I thought I would go to Cuba for a load of sugar. I made a raft out of the ironing-board, and but some rolling-pins under it."

"But what did you do for a crew?"

"Oh! I made Lucy first mate, and the kitten served as a sailor. The wind was north-east. We had no sooner got outside of Arm-chair Light-house than our ship sprang a-leak."

"It was not wise to go to sea in such a storm."

"Perhaps not. I rigged a pump out of an old pair of tongs, and by hard work we got the ship's hold free of water. By twelve o'clock we were in sight of Cape Side-board, wind blowing a gale, and a bad reef under our lee."

"I hope you took in sail and hauled off."

"No: we didn't. We ran right on to the reef, for there was a pirate in chase of us."

"I thought you were too brave to run from a pirate."

"But you see, papa, we had no powder, no guns. We now took them on board, gave chase to the pirate, and blew him out of water off the Isle of Sofa."

"Was anybody hurt on board your ship?"

"Only the kitten; and she, I am sorry to say, was hurt in trying to run away. What ought we to do to a sailor who deserts, just as we want him to fight?"

"The custom is to hang such a one at the yard-arm; but that is a game you must never play at."

"Well, sir, we got to Cuba at last, and took in a lot of boxes of sugar. Then we started for home. Off the Isle of Rug, we ran on a rock and were wrecked."

"You must have steered your ship badly, captain."

"No, sir: the rock was not set down in the chart. Our ship went to pieces, our sugar was all lost, and Lucy and I were left on a small island, where there was nothing but turtle to live on."

"I should want nothing better than turtle."

"Yes; but we had no fire to cook it. At length, by rubbing two sticks together, I got fire, and then we had some of the best mock-turtle soup I ever tasted."

"But how did you and Lucy get home, since you had no ship?"

"By swimming, sir. We made-believe we swam all the way home to Cape Cod. And now please pay us our insurance money, — only fifty thousand dollars."

So Arthur's father made-believe take out a bill from the pocket of his vest, and to give it to Arthur.

"There, sir, see if that is right," said Arthur's father.

"It is right, sir; but would you be so kind as to change it for a real five-cent piece?"

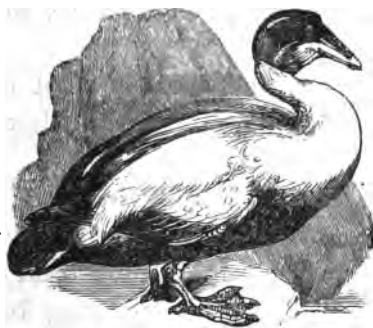
"With all my heart, sir," said Arthur's father.

So Arthur got his five-cent piece; but, before night, he gave it away to a poor soldier with one arm, who came round, playing on an organ.

A PAPA.



WHERE DOES EIDER-DOWN COME FROM?



IN cold win'ter weath'er, did you ev'er sleep under a nice warm cov'er-ing made of ei'der-down? I will tell you where that down comes from. It comes from the breast of the ei'der-duck, and here is a picture of one.

These ducks live a-long the shores of the icy seas of North America. The down must be plucked while the bird is liv'ing, or it will not be good. The fe'male duck plucks the down from her own breast to make a soft nest for her young.

But this down, and the eggs she lays, are taken by the hunt'ers. Then she makes a new nest, and lines it with the last down from her breast. This and her eggs are once more taken by the hunt'ers.

The poor moth'er has now no more down to give; so the male bird goes to work, and lines the nest a third time. Two or three eggs are then laid, and these the poor birds are per-mit'ted to hatch. Think of what you owe to these ducks for the warmth you get.

IDA FAY.

MAY-DAY.



PRIL has gone ; and now we have May, with her buds and blos'soms. To some of our little read'ers, liv'ing at the South, the first of May comes all warmth and smiles, with blue skies, green grass, and trees rich in their young leaves. But to others, living at the North, and near the sea-coast, May-day comes with cold east winds, and skies not yet swept clean of their clouds by the soft spring breezes. Still, even here the little boys and girls love to hail the first of May, and some of them walk in pro-ces'sions, with flags and wreaths and gay dresses.

I would have my young friends care'ful not to take cold on this day in their wish to wel'come in the May. I knew a little troop of chil'dren, who, last May-day, went forth into the fields to have a good time. But they sat on the un-dried ground, or got their feet wet, and so many of them took bad colds.

The earth is often too moist even in sum'mer for us to sit on it safely ; and when I see maids taking the little ones out to walk or ride, and letting them sit or lie about on the grass, I sometimes stop, and say to them, "You should be more careful of that child. It will surely take cold from the dampness that comes up from the earth."

IDA FAY.



THE FOX AND THE DUCKS.

I CAN see you, old fox, as you lie there on the ground and watch the ducks. You hope you may get one of those ducks to kill and eat ; but, while I am here, I do not think you will do it.

You are the fox who came to our barn-yard last week, and tried to kill a hen. But our good dog, Ti-ger,

saw you, and ran to seize you ; and then you ran off so fast that he could not catch you.

You like Tiger best when he is far off,—so far that you can-not see him. Is it not so, old fox? I do not think you will show your face in our yard while Tiger is near.

See, one of the ducks flies off ! Catch her now, if you can, old fox. I do not think you can jump so high as to do it.

I think you may as well run home to your hole. You shall not dine on those ducks to-day. Of that you may be sure. I am here by the tree on the watch. I have no gun, but I have a stick ; and Tiger is not far off.

CHARLES WRITES FROM FRANCE.

A LITTLE boy myself, I think that some of the little boys and girls at home in America may like to hear about the new and funny things which I see here in France. Every time we walk out, we stop, and look at the women washing clothes in the gutters.

In the gutters? Yes. In every place where the water runs, there the women wash. They have a little wooden stool to stand on; they stoop over a board, and rub the soap on the dirty clothes, and then bang and pound them. Sometimes they use a brush.

By the side of the river, there are dozens of these washing-places; and the clothes are hung to dry on the trees, bushes, and bridges. But you at home would laugh to see people washing clothes in the gutter! I feel like asking them how they clean their clothes after they are washed.

The women carry great baskets placed on cushions, on their heads, also great jugs of water, and sometimes two or three large bags full of charcoal. They walk straight and stiff with these loads on their heads. Sometimes they have their arms folded, and sometimes you may see them knitting.

On market-days they bring their chickens all alive to market; and it is funny to see the hens sticking their heads out of these big baskets on top of women's heads. We meet women with a live goose under each arm; and one day I saw a man with a live pig round his neck, the man holding the pig by his four legs in front.

One woman cries out by our door every day, "Chat, oh! chat!" And by that cry she means "Hot chestnuts."

You will often see carts here drawn by cows. The cows are covered with long white cloths, and pull by their horns. The hair is wrapped round their horns, and makes them look as if they had on fur capes.

The men, women, and children of the poor class wear wooden shoes, with which they go clattering about. But



A WOODEN SHOE.

these shoes last a long while. These poor people take every thing they have to carry, and put it on their heads, instead of holding it in their hands. Let it be a loaf of bread, or a great bundle of brushwood, on to the head it goes.

The weather is warm here now, though it is the month of January while I write. I have never seen a sleigh here, and the boys do not know what a sled means. I can run in the sun without my overcoat; but still I should like to slide and coast, as the boys at home do at this season.

CHARLIE.

THE BAD CAT.

MARY CARY'S
Two canaries
Chirp and sing to her:
Pussy Cat,
Do you hear that?
Pussy answered, "Purr!"

Gone are Mary's
Two canaries,—
Killed and eaten too!
Pussy Cat,
Did you do that?
Pussy answered, "Mew!" W.



THE REAL AND THE COUNTERFEIT.

“I wish you to tell me which of these two roses you would choose,” said Julia to her brother Paul.

The roses stood on the shelf side by side, each in a little glass vase.

Paul, who thought he was a good judge of flowers and of many other things, looked with a wise face at the roses, and at last said, “The one on the right is my choice. That is the better rose: in color, form, size, it excels the other.”

Julia laughed loud, and said, “O my wise little brother! What a judge he is! Know, Paul, that the rose you have been praising is but a copy of the other. I myself made it out of wax. The other came from the greenhouse.”

Paul blushed at his mistake; and then Julia comforted him by saying, “Older folks than you, Paul, have quite as

confidently said that the sham was better than the real. Hear this story:—

“There was once a clown at a circus, who was so great a favorite that the people who went to see him act thought that no one could do as well as he. He would imitate the buzzing of a fly, the noise made in sawing a stick of wood, the blowing of the wind; but the best thing he did was to squeal like a pig.

“Once, when he had been amusing his hearers by squealing like a pig, a farmer’s man rose and said, that he could do it better, if they would let him try it, the next day.

“So, the next day, after the clown had squealed like a pig, much to the delight of a large crowd, the farmer’s man came on the stage to try *his* skill.

“The clown had made believe that he had a pig hid in his vest; and so, when the farmer’s man, who really had a pig hid in *his* vest, made the motion of pinching the pig, no one thought that the pig was truly there.

“The real squealing of a pig, fast and furious, was now heard; but the crowd, thinking the sound came from the farmer’s man, hissed him, and said he could not squeal as well as the clown.

“On this the farmer’s man drew forth the pig, held him up, and said, ‘Look here! This shows what sort of judges you are. You have been hissing not *me*, but the poor *pig*.’”

EMILY CARTER.



PLUCKING VIOLETS.



THE THRUSH'S NEST.

LITTLE thrush, as you sit there so still on your nest,
You seem very happy, it must be confest :
And what makes you happy, I think I can tell :
Four little brown birdies will soon break the shell !

I peeped in your nest when you left it one day ;
And there, warm and pretty, four little eggs lay.
How glad you will be when your birdies are born,
And you hear their first chirping, some beautiful morn !

Never fear, little thrush, for I mean you no harm ;
I will tell no bad boy, who may cause you alarm :
Your secret I'll keep in my own faithful breast,
And I'll drive the old cat far away from your nest.

NORA'S MOTHER.

THE NEST IN THE OLD HAT.

AN old hat had been left in the arbor. A little brown wren saw it, and thought to herself, "What a nice place that will be for my nest!"

So she went to work, and brought bits of hay, wool, and moss in her beak, and laid them inside the hat. She had to go backwards and forwards many times before she got enough out of which to build her nest.

But at last the nest was finished, and the little wren sat in it, and laid three eggs. Such small eggs as they were! They did not seem so big as a good-sized pea.

No sooner had the little wren laid these eggs than she began to sit on them, and keep them warm; for she wanted some little birds to love and take care of.

But, while she was sitting, she heard a noise in the arbor. Three children came in. They were Emma and Ruth and their brother Edwin. Edwin was the first to spy the nest.

"Look here, girls!" he cried. "If here isn't a little wren that has made a nest in father's old hat!" At this the little wren hopped up, and stood on the edge of the hat, and looked at the children, and chirped, as much as to say, "Please don't harm my nest."

"Don't be afraid of us, you dear little bird," said Ruth; "but oh, look out for the old cat! If she finds you out, she will not leave much of you but your feathers."

"I will shut the old cat up in the cellar," cried Edwin. "She killed that little tame snow-bird I fed last winter; and I mean she shall not have this pretty wren, let her mew ever so much."



THE NEST IN THE OLD HAT.

So Edwin went into the house, and got a saucer of milk, and made the old cat follow him into the cellar; and there he fastened her up in a closet. The old cat made a great noise, but could not get out.

One, two, three days passed by; and then, one bright morning in June, Edwin and his sisters went out to see what there was in the old hat. One, two, three little birds, — such was the sight they saw!

The mother-bird was away getting food for her young. Soon she came back, and saw the children. She did not seem much afraid of them. Every morning now they take crumbs, and scatter on the ground, near her nest.

Then they go behind the bushes and watch; and then the wren comes down, and picks up the crumbs to give to her little family. She is a good mother, and in a few days her young ones will be strong enough to fly. Then Edwin will let the old cat out of the cellar, for she does not like to stay there now that the days are so fine.

ANNA LIVINGSTON.



THE HEN IN THE GARDEN.



ROB'ERT saw an old hen in the gar'den, and she was scratch'ing up the seed which his fa'ther had plant'ed.

So Rob'ert cried out, "You must not do that, old hen!" Then he ran, and drove her into the barn-yard, and shut the door so she could not get out.

The hen made a loud noise, for she did not like to leave scratch'ing in the loose earth. She found there a plen'ty of worms, and of these the hens are fond.



RICHARD AND THE BEES.

As Richard was walking in the garden with his mother he saw a bee. "Look, mother!" he said: "the bee lights on all the flowers,—on those which you say have poison in them, as well as on those that are sweet and harmless."

"That is true, my son," said the mother. "The bee has the skill to extract from a flower what is sweet and good, and to leave the bad behind. Just so I would have my little boy do, when he goes forth among people, who will be not all good, nor all bad. I would have him get from them only what is good."

"I have heard, mother," said Richard, "that a bee dies after he has stung a person. Is that true?"

"I do not know as much about bees as I would like to," said Richard's mother; "but, if the bee dies after he has inflicted a sting, I think it must be because the person stung, in brushing the bee off hastily, makes him tear his sting out by the roots."

"I have heard of a swarm of bees lighting on the head of a little girl," said Richard. "She had been used to them, and so was not scared. She stood quite still; and they did not hurt her, but by and by flew off to their hive."

"I do not doubt that is true," said Richard's mother. "I will give you a book soon that will tell you many curious things of bees."

WELCOME, MAY!

Month of May,
Mild and clear,
Glad the day
Thou art here !
We have had
Heaps of snow :
I am glad
To see it go.

Sunny hours
Now unfold
Yellow flowers
Bright as gold :
In the grass,
We shall meet,
As we pass,
Clover sweet.

Happy birds
On the wing,
Flocks and herds,
Hail the spring.
All day long
We may hear
Robin's song
Far and near.

Girls and boys,
Shall not we,
In our joys,
Grateful be ?
Yes: we'll raise,
From the sod,
Thoughts of praise
To our God.

2

EMILY CARTER.

THE VIOLETS HAVE COME.

"O MARY! the violets have come," cried little Jane to her sister on a fine day in May. "Come with me to the side of the hill where the old oak-tree stands, and I will show you ever so many blue, blue violets."

So the children went to the side of the hill, and there they plucked violets enough to make two large bunches. One of these they gave to their father, and one to their mother; and the scent of the flowers made the whole room sweet.



DRESSING UP.

“OH, look! Frank has been dress’ing up like an old man with a beard. See the bunch of rods at his side! He thinks to scare us; but I do not fear him. Jane, you are silly to crowd so up against mother.” So says Sarah, while her mother cuts a slice from the big loaf.

John bows to Frank, and says, "Sir, if you have come here with that bunch of rods to whip these chil'dren, let me tell you, you have come to the wrong place.

"These are good chil'dren; and so, sir, if you want to see the door that the car'pen-ter made, I can show it to you.

"And let me tell you, old man, the next time you want a beard, you must not tear up my moth'er's old mop to make one; and, the next time you want a cane, you must not take my father's cane."

To which Frank re-plies, "If these are good chil'dren, I will not use my rod. But they must not throw their books on the floor; they must not be idle; they must not be cross.

"As for you, young man, I think a slight taste of the rod will do you good; so come with me into the barn, and let me give you what you need."

"With all my heart, sir," says John. "That is a game which two can play at. Shall I not help you hold on your beard, sir? Shall I not carry your cane, sir?"

So John mocks the dressed-up old man; and then Frank drops the beard and the dress, and the two boys run off to the barn. There they have a good time, hunting for eggs in the hay-mow, and feeding the cows and the hens. E. C.



APPLE-TREE BLOSSOMS.

WHAT do you think a little boy said, who, for the first time in his life, saw an apple-tree in full blossom? "O mother!" he cried, "just look at the tree: it has come out full of pop-corn!"



THE BOY WHO STOLE PEARS.

I WILL now tell you a true story of a boy whose name was Ralph, and of a dog whose name was Brag. This dog had a small house, or ken'nel, where he used to go when it rained hard. Just see him in his house.

One day the mas'ter of this dog said to him, "Now, Brag, I want you to watch these pear-trees, and to see that no bad boy comes to steal my nice red pears." So Brag sat down to watch.

But the boy Ralph thought he would try to steal some of the nice pears. So he got over the fence, and crept through the grass, and took hold of a branch of one of the trees, and shook the branch till six large, ripe pears fell to the ground.

But, as he bent down to pick them up, the good dog Brag barked, and ran to guard the fruit; for Brag knew that he must not let the boy steal the pears. Brag had been put there to drive off thieves.

So when the bad boy Ralph saw the big dog, and heard him bark, Ralph was scared, and set out to run; and the dog ran after him.

But Ralph ran so fast that he did not see a big stone in his way. He hit the stone with his foot, and fell, and broke his leg.

Then Brag came up, and the bad boy cried for help ; for he thought that Brag would bite him and tear him. But Brag did no such thing. As soon as he saw the boy was hurt, though the boy had been a bad boy, and had tried to steal the pears which Brag had been set to guard, yet the good dog did not hurt him.

Shall I tell you what the dog did ? He ran off to a house near by, and barked, and barked, as much as to say, "Come, and help a boy who has hurt his leg : he needs your help right off ; do come !"

And the folks who heard Brag bark so, said that he must want them to go some-where : so they let him lead them to the place where Ralph lay on the ground with his leg so much hurt.

Then the folks took Ralph home, and sent for the doc'tor, and got him to set Ralph's leg. I am glad to say that Ralph never again was known to steal.

Now, was it not a good thing in Brag to stop, and take care of Ralph, in-stead of try'ing to bite and tear him ? The boy was his foe ; but Brag, when he saw that Ralph was hurt, did not think of him as a foe, but thought of him as one to whom he owed help and care.

EMILY CARTER.





OUR BABY.

I WENT into a rich man's house ; and there I saw a baby asleep in a crib, and the father and mother looking on. Soon the baby woke and smiled, and its smile made glad the hearts of the father and mother.

The baby had on a costly dress and much lace ; and its

crib was made of rose-wood, richly carved, and there were lace curtains about it.

Then I went into a poor man's house, and saw another baby. Its head was bare; and it had on a coarse dress, and lay in a crib made of an old chest. But the little thing looked healthy and happy.

The father and mother stood by and watched it; and, as the baby smiled, I thought they seemed quite as glad as the parents at the other house.

Then I thought to myself, that babies are such treasures as money cannot buy. Not for all the rich man's wealth would the poor man and his wife have parted with their baby. May heaven's peace rest on all little babies!

IDA FAY.



LOVE WINS LOVE.

WHAT is one of the things we most like to see in a child, or in a friend? Why, it is love; it is affection. If a child shows a loving heart, that makes us love the child in return.

I know a little girl who complains that no one loves her. The reason why no one loves her is, that she shows love to no one.

I have a true story to tell you of a parrot. His name is Doo'doo. He was brought to New York, more than two years ago, and given to a little girl whose name is Katie.

Katie had just come from Ken-tuck'y, and felt the need of a friend. Doo'doo had just come from Cu'ba; and I think he must have felt, as Katie did, the need of a friend.

Katie thought to her-self, "This poor bird has been brought a-way from its warm home, and the friends of its own kind;

and it must miss them sad'ly. Here it is,—shut up in a cage. What can I do to make Doo'doo hap'py?"

So Katie be-gan to pit'y the par'rot; and then she grew to love it,—to love it just a little. By and by she loved it more. She would take Doo'doo from his cage, and wash him nice'ly with a soft sponge, and smooth his feath'ers. Then she would talk to him, and call him pet names, and let him perch on her fin'ger.

Doo'doo would nes'tle up a-against her breast, as if he, too, was be-gin'ning to love just a little. By and by he loved more. He used to watch for his little mis'tress, and make a great fuss, and flut'ter as if he could not tell all his joy, when she came in'to the room.

She would al'ways have a kind word for him; and, three or four times each day, she would take him out of his cage and have a good frolic with him.

For two years she has kept this up; and now the love which this bird with green feath'ers shows for his kind friend and mis'tress would, if you could see it, touch your heart.

When Katie is long ab'sent, Doo'doo will mope and cry sad'ly for her. If she comes in'to the room, when he is in one of these sad moods, he will fly to her with a wild scream of joy; and, when she takes him in her hand, he will kiss her lips, and lay his head a-against her warm cheek, and speak the pet words she has taught him.

At such a time, if you should lay your hand on Katie as if to strike her, Doo'doo's eyes will turn green with rage; his feath'ers will ruf'fle up, and he will fly at you to drive you off. You may strike him, but he will not fear you.

He will scream, and go at you once more, and fight till you show you do not mean to hurt his dear friend Katie.

Then he will fly back to her with coo'ing words of com'fort, as if he were the on'ly friend she had,—the on'ly one

who could keep her from harm. It is quite a funny sight to see him and to hear him.

We can-not all have pets, like Katie ; but we can all bear in mind that birds and beasts know what kind'ness is. They know it just as well as little girls and boys know it. Let us then be kind to all living things, even as God, who made them, is kind.

UNCLE CHARLES.



VIOLETS.

FLOWERS OF THE MAY.

A CALLER ! Who is it ?
To make me a visit,
Here comes little Milly !
How are you to-day ?
And, pray, let me ask it,
What *is* in your basket ?
Ah ! now I can see :
It is flowers of the May !

In nosegays you've bound them ;
I'll guess where you found them :
These buds on the bough
Of the apple-tree grew ;

And, under the shadow
Of ferns in the meadow,
You gathered these violets,
Tender and blue.

Your flower-bed, I fancy,
Has given this pansy ;
And close by the road
Grew these buttercups wild.
Oh ! flowers of the May, love,
Are sweet in their way, love ;
But sweeter by far
Is a good little child.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.



LU LU'S STORY.

LUCY and her little sister MATTIE had been out in the fields picking flowers to put in the parlor; for Lucy tries to make her home as cheerful as she can.

Little MATTIE, too, is a help in her way. If her grandmother drops her thimble or her spectacles, MATTIE is always ready to pick them up for her.

LUCY and MATTIE have a large black-and-white dog, whose name is ROVER; and he is a very nice old dog too, and always goes with the girls, if they will let him.

So, after making the parlor look as pretty as they could, they took their dolls and some playthings, and went into the field with ROVER.

When it was time to return home, MATTIE forgot one of her dolls, and did not miss it until she had got home. But soon ROVER came running into the yard with the doll in his mouth.

MATTIE was glad enough to get her doll, and thought it was so funny that a dog should be so thoughtful! She thinks more of ROVER now than ever.

I hope every little girl or boy who reads this will be kind to all dumb animals, and treat them well; for they sometimes know more than we think they do.

HOW THE KITTENS WERE LOST AND FOUND.

THERE are two little girls whose names are Grace and Alice. Grace is six years old, Alice is three. They live with their father and mother in a neat vil'lage; and they have a gar'den and an or'chard quite near to their house, where they can run and pick flowers, or feed the chick'ens.

Grace had a pretty yellow-and-white cat, to which she gave the name of Nelly White. This cat was fond of the children, and liked to be with them; and when she had kittens, that were born in the barn, she must have thought to her-self, "I cannot live so far off from Grace and Alice."

So what did Nelly White do but take the kittens into the play-room, and lay them on the doll's bed. But mamma said this would never do; and so the kittens were sent back to the barn, where there was a good warm place for them in the hay.

But Nelly was not content. So one day she took her kittens back to the house, and up two flights of stairs into the at'tic, and there she hid them in a cor'ner of the room.

But two of the kittens, Dot and Tom, who want'ed to see the world, strayed away, and fell down between the side of the house and the plas'ter-ing. All night and all day we heard their sad cry. They were hun'gry and a-fraid, and want'ed their moth'er.

Grace and Alice were in great grief. It was a Saturday, and all their little play'mates came to help them find the kittens. Susan and Mary and Louis and Jane looked in all the dark corners, and stretched their arms down into every hole where they thought a kitten could fall.

But all day the same sad cry was heard. The old cat called the kittens, but they had fallen beyond her reach.

At last, papa came to their help. He found that the sound came from the wall, close by mamma's chamber-door. So he took a hatch'et, and cut a hole in the wall, and then out jumped the two little kittens.

"Here they are!" cried all the children.

First came Tom, and then Dot jumped out. They were both tired of being shut up so long in the dark.

The children took them in their laps, and smoothed their soft fur, and then ran and got some warm milk for them from the kitch'en. How glad they were to find their little pets! Their playmates were glad too, and so was the old cat.

MAMMA.



THE BUILDER.

THIS man, with a roll of paper under his arm, is a builder of houses. He is telling the workmen what to do. The man going up the ladder is a hod-man. Now that spring has come, it is a good time for building.



THE SURPRISE PARTY.

THE editor was asleep, or almost asleep. I think she must have been dreaming ; for, all at once, she thought she saw a whole troop of children coming towards her.

“ Why, where did you all come from ? And who are you ? ” she asked.

Then a little boy, who said his name was John Short, spoke these lines :—

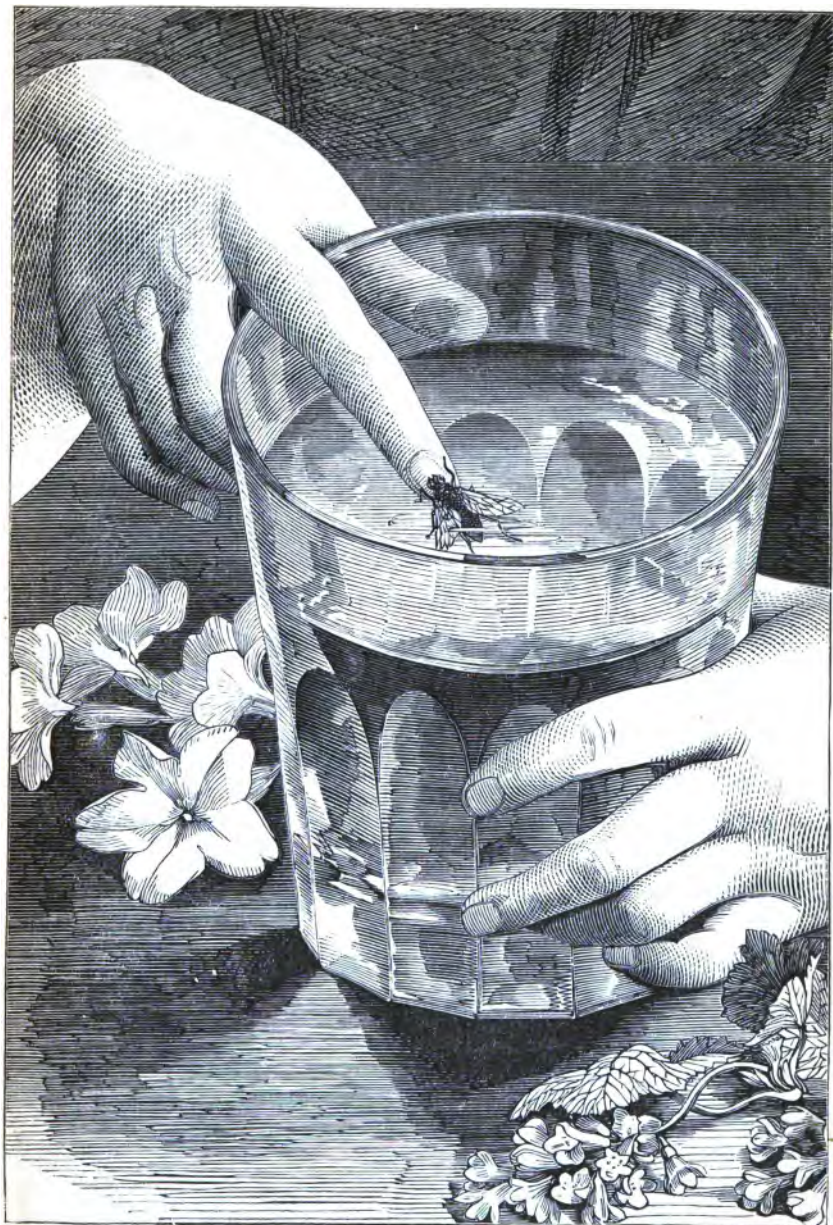
“ We are children, happy little children,
And the happier for your monthly teaching.
We have come to say how much we thank you
For the words of joy and love you send us ;
For the lessons, all so pure and simple ;
For the pictures, all so bright and charming ;
For the art that makes of learning pleasure.”

“ Well, children, this a surprise party indeed,” said the editor. “ Do your mothers know that you are out ? ”

“ Mother told me to come,” cried a little girl. “ Mother and father read ‘ The Nursery ’ just as much as I do.”

Here the editor woke up, and said to herself, “ I have been dreaming ; but it was a pleasant dream.”

EMILY CARTER.



"SAVE THE POOR LITTLE FLY."

“SAVE THE POOR LITTLE FLY.”

WELL do I know from whose lips those kind words came. They came from the lips of my young friend Em'ma. She saw a glass of wa'ter on the ta'ble, and in the wa'ter there was a drown'ing fly.

“Save the poor little fly,” said Emma; but, as no one did it, she put her fin'ger in the glass, and helped the little fly out of the water. Then she put the fly in a warm place, where the sun shone, and where he could dry his wings.

“Why do you want to save that pest of a fly?” said her Cous'in Ned. “He will only come and bite us on the nose, or on the cheek, as soon as he gets the use of his wings. Why did you not let him drown, you fool'ish girl?”

“I will tell you why I did not let him drown,” said Emma. “It gave me more pleas'ure to save him than he can do me harm by light'ing on my skin. I would not hurt a worm if I could help it.”

Emma is right, to feel as she does, and to try to do good to all things that live, even to a fly; for when we try to do good to oth'ers, we at the same time do good to ourselves. We thus form hab'its of kind'ness and of ten'derness, and such hab'its will make us hap'py.

And now I will tell you a true sto'ry. There was a boy whose name was John Lamb; but he was not much like a lamb in his ways. He was a cru'el boy. He liked to shoot things, not for food, but for the sport he got in kill'ing.

If he drove a horse, he would think it fine fun to beat it, though the horse might not be in fault at all. He could

not drive home a poor cow from the field, with-out try'ing to make it suf'fer from the hard blows he would give it.

Now, children, bear in mind that you must be kind and good while you are young, if you would be kind and good when you are grown up. Now is the time to learn to do as you would be done by in all things.

As he grew up to be a man, John Lamb did not change much. One day, as he was go'ing through a field, with a gun in his hand, he saw a tame fawn, chased by dogs, come bound'ing up to him as if to seek his care. What did John do, but raise his gun, and shoot the poor fawn dead !

But he did not make much by the act. The fawn was owned by a rich la'dy, and had a col'lar round its neck. The lady had made an of'fer of a hun'dred dol'lars to the per'son who would bring back her tame fawn a-live. John did not know of this of'fer ; and when he found he had lost so much mon'ey by his cru'el-ty, he was quite sad, for he need'ed the mon'ey a good deal.

The folks of the town were so vexed with John for kill'ing the tame fawn, that they would not let him stay a-mong them. They told him to go off, and live in the woods a-mong wolves and wild cats. He will be more at home there than with kind, good folks.

EMILY CARTER.



"FATHER IS COMING."

PAUL lives by the sea-side with his father and mother, his brother Tim, and his sister Lucy. His father, Mr. Weed, has a sloop in which he goes out to catch fish.

The name of the sloop is the "Lively Polly," and that name is on the stern of the small boat which belongs to the sloop. You can read the name if you will try.

The two boys are watching their father's sloop as it sails home toward the bay near to the house. The wind blows briskly, and the sloop sails fast.

"Father is coming! He will be home in time for dinner," cries little Tim. "Not for *our* dinner, I fear," says Paul; "for he will have to tack twice before he can get into the bay."

Paul was right. The "Lively Polly" was not in the bay till three o'clock. When Mr. Weed came home, he kissed his wife and children; and they all seemed so glad to see him that it made him quite happy, and he ate his dinner with a good relish.

"Now, folks," said Mr. Weed, "I have had enough of the sea for to-day. Put on your bonnets and hats, call old Pomp, and let us all go and pick a good mess of wild strawberries for tea-time."

"Hurrah!" cried Tim: "I'm ready. Where's old Pomp?" A loud *bow-wow* from the yard soon told where old Pomp was; and he came rushing in, wagging his tail and jumping, and telling all the folks by his bark that he should be glad to take a walk with them to Strawberry Hill.

So Mrs. Weed took down from the shelf six baskets; and gave one to her husband, one to Lucy, one to Paul, one to Tim, one to Pomp, who took it in his mouth, and one she kept.

Then they locked up the house, and went away from the

sea to a high hill, where the strawberries grew thick and red. Oh, what a nice time they had! The air was so soft and mild that it was a joy to be out of doors.

It seemed as if the birds never sang so sweetly before, and that the trees and the grass never looked so green before. When it got to be six o'clock, and the sun was low in



the sky in the west, they left the hill, with their baskets well filled with berries, and walked home.

Can you tell me what Paul thought of before he went to bed that night? He thought how good God is to make the earth so bright and fair for our use and our joy, and how we should hold all good things as from the hands of Him to whom we owe life and thought and the means of grace.

MARY AND THE SNOW-BIRD.

WILL you please print this? I am eight years old, and my name is Mary. I live in a small town, and there are woods near our house.

In the winter the snow-birds come, and some-times the spar'rows come to get seeds that I throw out for them.

I want to tell you a story of a poor little snow-bird who came to us last win'ter. He had some-how hurt one of his wings, so that he could not fly well; and so, when the other snow-birds flew off to the North, as the warm days of spring drew nigh, this dear little bird had to stay behind.

He lived in a hem'lock tree near the barn. I gave him the name of Tit-tit, be-cause he was so small. Every morn'-ing, while I was at break'fast, he would come to get his food.

But soon some spar'rows found out that there were good seeds and crumbs to be had under our win'dow; and then they would come and peck at poor little Tit-tit, and drive him off.

"This will nev'er do," said I. So I went to the win'dow, and opened it, and cried out to the sel'fish spar'rows, "Shoo! Go away!"

Then the spar'rows were fright'ened, and flew off as fast as they could fly; but my dear little Tit-tit was not fright'ened. Oh, no! He seemed to know that I meant he should stay, and eat his seeds.

So the little bird staid, and hopped about, and made a good feast on the seeds and the crumbs, and chirped loud, as much as to say, "I am not a-fraid: Mary does not mean to drive me off. Those bad spar'rows are a-fraid of her, but I am not a-fraid of her."

And so little Tit-tit grew so tame, that, after that, he would come twice a day, and flut'ter up against the panes of glass, to let me know that he was read'y for his seeds. And the spar'rows, as soon as they saw me, would make a scold'ing noise, and fly off, as if they were say'ing, "We can't plague that ugly snow-bird while she is by. We must go."

When the month of May came, my little Tit-tit grew strong and well, and at last flew off. I think he has gone North to join his friends. But I feel quite sure he will come back again next win'ter. I shall know him by a spot on his left wing, and I think he will know me too. I will tell you about him, should he come back.

MARY.



THE SPARROW'S NEST.

CLOSE beside the meadow-wall,
Where the buttercups grow tall,
Underneath a blooming yarrow,
Is the nest of Mrs. Sparrow.

"What is in it?" Look and see:
Sparrow infants! one, two, three,
Snugly lying. All together
Scarce can show a single feather.

Blind their eyes, and weak their wings,
And they are such hungry things!
Peeping, peeping, peeping; keeping
Crying all the livelong day.

Mrs. Sparrow is no longer
Looking young and fresh and gay:

She is growing thin and worn;
She is busy, night and morn,
Bringing bugs and bringing berries,
Tempting worms and meadow cherries,
For these crying baby sparrows,
With their great throats stretching wide,
For these noisy little creatures
That are never satisfied.

In the bright days, by and by,
When these nestling birds shall fly,
Singing, winging, glad and blest,
Each one with a different nest,—
When all three shall live asunder,—
Will they keep a thought, I wonder,
Of that nest beneath the yarrow
And the faithful Mrs. Sparrow?

MARIAN DOUGLAS.



THE BLIND BOY.

I KNOW a little blind boy who lives in a small town not far from New York. He is nine years old, and his name is Paul. He was born blind ; but he has learnt a good deal, and he can read with his fin'ger from books print'ed with raised let'ters for the use of the blind.

Paul is a good boy ; for he does not fret, though he is blind. He loves to stand by the wall, while the boys are at play ; and he loves to hear them shout and laugh. Though he can-not kick foot-ball, or play at any rough game, he is glad to stand by, and know that the oth'ers are hav'ing a good time.

The boys are all kind to Paul, and there are some games in which he can take a part. When they go into the woods to pick ber'ries, they take him with them, and they lead him so that he does not fall or hurt him-self.

Once when the boys were in a large field with Paul, a wild bull came run'ning at them. Some of the boys ran off,

but three brave boys stood by to take care of Paul. They helped him up a tree, and then they climbed up themselves.

The wild bull came up, and tore the ground, and made a great noise; but he could not get at the boys on the tree. It made him mad to see that he could not get at them, and he gave such a loud roar that you could have heard him a long way off.

Soon he saw it was no use to try to get at the boys; and then he ran off, and was out of sight. Then the boys came down from the tree, and got over the fence, so that the bull could not have got at them, even if he had come up.

The brave boys were care'ful to see that Paul was first out of the way of harm; then they took care of themselves. Paul loves them all; and he can hear so well that he can tell his friends by their steps. He loves mu'sic, and he has a fife on which he can play sweet tunes.

IDA FAY.



GETTING READY FOR SCHOOL.

COME, Polly, stop singing:
The school-bell is ringing.
Now put all your playthings away:
Lay the doll on the shelf
To take care of herself,
And don't stop a moment to play.

Now wash your face clean:
You're not fit to be seen!
And put on your clean gingham tire.
You'll find your straw-hat
Fallen down on the mat,
And your satchel hangs up by the fire.

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

And now, Polly dear,
Bring the comb and brush here,
And let me just smooth out your hair;
Then tie up your shoes,
Or the strings you will lose:
You haven't a moment to spare.

Now give me a kiss:
That's a dear little miss!
You're looking so rosy and bright!
You've no time to waste, —
Make haste now! make haste!
The teacher is 'most out of sight.

AUNT CLARA.

THE DOG WHO FOUND A DOCTOR.

Now I will tell you a strange story of a dog; but it is a story which I know to be true. There was a good man who was a doctor, and whose name was Day.

Once, as Dr. Day was driving home in his gig, he saw by the road-side a poor dog who seemed to be in much pain. The dog would cry, and hold up his paw, as much as to say, "Do look at my poor paw! You do not know how much it pains me."

Dr. Day was a kind man. So he said to his horse, "Ho! Stop here, old horse, and let us see what ails this little dog."

So the horse stood still; and Dr. Day got out of his gig, and went to look at the paw of the poor dog. He found that a big thorn had run into the paw, and had made the paw so sore the poor dog could not walk to its own home.

Then Dr. Day took the dog up in his arms, and put him in the gig, and drove home to his own house; and there Dr. Day took the thorn out of the paw of the dog, and bound the paw up in a rag, and gave the dog some nice milk for his supper.

So the dog stayed in the house till he was quite well, and could run and play and frisk once more; and then Dr. Day opened the door, and said to the dog, "Now, little dog, you are quite well, and you can run home to your master if you want to."

And the dog barked, and put his fore feet up against Dr. Day, as if he wished to thank him for all that he had done. And the doctor said, "Good-by!" and the little dog trotted off to his own home, where he could see his master once more.

Some weeks passed by, when one day, as the doctor sat in his room, he heard a noise at the front door. "Bow, wow, wow! bow, wow, wow! bow, wow, wow!" That was the noise. And each bow, wow, wow, was more loud than the last.

So Dr. Day got up to see what it all meant; and, when he was at the door, what do you think he saw? I will tell you what he saw. He saw two dogs on the door-step; and one was his old friend, from whose foot he once took the thorn, and the other was a poor dog who was lame and sick.

Now, when the dog who once had the thorn in his foot saw Dr. Day, this dog ran up to him, and licked his feet, and barked to show that he was glad to see him. And then this dog looked up in the face of Dr. Day, and then ran to the dog who was ill, and then ran back to Dr. Day and barked.

It was plain that this little dog wanted to say to Dr. Day, "You were good and kind to me when I was in sad pain: you made me well; and now I wish you would see to my poor friend here, who is as sick and ill as I was. Will you not make him well too?"

Dr. Day could not help laughing when he saw what the two dogs had come for. He gave them some food; and then he looked at the sick dog, and found he had been hurt in the leg. So he put some salve on the sore place, and bound it up; and then the two dogs trotted off together quite happy, and in a few days the sick dog was well.

"But how did Dr. Day get his fee?"

"That I do not know; but I think he was well paid in the pleasure of having a dog bring a friend for him to cure."

"Did the little dog bring any more sick dogs to Dr. Day, to get him to cure them?"

"That I cannot say; but the doctor was such a good man, I think he would have done all the good he could to both man and beast."



THE DORMOUSE.

My aunt has some pets, and among them is a dormouse. Did you ever see a dormouse? If not, I will show you a picture of one. Here it is.

In its habits, the dormouse is like the squirrel. It lays up a store of food for winter, and passes the greater part of the cold months in sleep.

It rolls itself up, and looks like a little soft ball of fur, when it lies asleep. It gets its name of *dormouse* from this habit of sleeping; for the Latin word *dormio* means, *I sleep*.

In its wild state, the dormouse can build nests in quite a neat style. It will make them of blades of grass, and leaves of trees. It will make a storehouse near by for its food.

But it does not need much food in cold weather. Once in a while, when a warm, sunny day rouses it for a short time, it will take food, and then roll itself up once more to sleep.

It needs a good deal of warmth, and must have soft hay, moss, or wool for its bed.

My aunt's dormouse is kept in a cage, wired at one end, with a little bedroom at the other. Sometimes it will get out of this cage, and then we have to hunt for it all over the house. At length, perhaps, we will find it under the fold of a curtain, or beneath the cushion of the sofa.

This dormouse sleeps during the day, and comes out to be fed as soon as it is dark. It will frolic quite merrily as night comes on. We feed it on nuts, pease, beans, and canary-seed; and we put a tin pan of milk into its cage once a day. It is fond of the milky juice of the dandelion.

My aunt has an old cat named Muff; and it took my aunt a long while to teach Muff to be good to the little dormouse. They will play together now; but, if Muff were to be very hungry, and could find nothing else to eat, I am afraid she would eat up the dormouse.

UNCLE CHARLES.



READY FOR BED.

Now come, my own Elsie, and sit in my lap,
As snug as a dormouse while taking a nap:
The sun has gone down out of sight in the west,
And the birds and the bees and the lambs are at rest.

Enough you have had both of work and of play:
You have studied your book, you have tossed the sweet hay,
You have had a good frolic with Fido and me,
And you now are so sleepy you hardly can see.

Little dormouse, wake up! You must go to your nest:
Yes, bed for such sleepy-heads surely is best.
Your hymn you shall say; then a candle we'll light,
And bid all the folks in the house a good night.

EMILY CARTER.



THE LOCKSMITH.

HENRY's mother lost the key of the front door ; so Henry had to go for the lock'smith, and get him to come and fit a key to the door. See him at work. He has before him a bag which holds his tools. He will take a file, and file a key till he makes it fit.



THE PEE-WEE.

O mother ! come, look !
Come quickly, and see !
Right here on a bough
Sits a little pee-wee.

Step softly, I beg,
As you come near the tree ;
Else away he will fly,
And leave you and me.

Now *this* way he looks,
And now he looks *that* :

I know what it means —
He's afraid of the cat.

Hush ! hear him sing softly
His sweet song, "Pee-wee !"
Sing on, little bird !
You need not fear me.

But, ah ! he flies off :
Now what did he see ?
'Tis pussy. 'Scat ! 'Scat !
Come back, dear pee-wee !

A MOTHER.



OUT-OF-DOOR GAMES.

SEE the boys at their spring-time games ! James, Arthur, and Frank are play'ing at marbles. James is kneeling down. Arthur has a bag of marbles in his hand ; and Frank looks to see if James wins.

I do not like the game of marbles. Shall I tell you why ? Well, then, it is be-cause it is a kind of gam'bling. I have known a boy to set as much store by his mar'bles as if they were so much money ; and, when he lost them, it was like losing money.

I like the game of leap-frog much better ; but you must take care, in playing at it, not to get a bad fall.

Those boys who live in the country can hunt for the first wild flowers, and learn their names and their habits of growth. They can also watch the birds, and hear them sing.

This will teach them much that they will be fond of knowing all their lives. How often do I hear old folks say, " Oh, how I wish I had learnt all about flowers and birds when I was young, and had the chance to learn ! How much pleasure I should have laid up for myself now that I am old ! "

UNCLE CHARLES.

MY NEPHEW THE ARTIST.

EDWIN had a slate in his hand. He drew a figure, and said to me, "Look here, Uncle Charles: don't you think I can draw well?"

"How old are you, Edwin?" I asked.

"I shall be seven next May," said Edwin.

"And is this the first drawing you ever made?" I asked.

"Oh, no, Uncle Charles!" said Edwin: "I have used a slate and pencil for more than a year."

"Then, my dear boy, I think you will never make an artist," said I: "the drawing is very bad indeed."

"But, Uncle Charles, I am a small boy," said Edwin, who was much mortified at what I told him.

"You are large enough and old enough," said I, "to do better than that, if you had a gift for drawing."

Edwin grew up, and became an artist. Twenty years had passed by since he drew the figure on the slate. I went to see a painting he had made.

"Well, uncle, what do you think of that?" he asked.

It was a landscape, in which much pains had been taken, but in which I could not see signs of the "gift" I had spoken of.

"I think just as I thought twenty years ago," said I, "that you will never make an artist."

"But I *am* an artist," said Edwin.

"Yes, in name," said I, "but not in fact."

Plain speaking did Edwin a great deal of good. He had the sense to see at last, that there were some things he could do better than the work of an artist.

Edwin is now a lawyer, and a good one. When we meet,



MY NEPHEW THE ARTIST.

he laughs at the times when he thought he could draw and paint, and says, "You were right, after all, Uncle Charles, when you looked at my drawing on the slate, and told me I should never make an artist."

UNCLE CHARLES.



ROSES FOR A DEAR CHILD.

SWEET rose of June, how fresh and fair you bloom ! Shall I pluck you from your stem ? If I do, you will soon fade, and your leaves will fall. But then your life will not be long if I let you stay.

And so, dear rose, I cut your stem, and here I have you in my hand ; for I have a use for you, and a good use I think.

I know a child whose cheek, not long since, was fresh and fair as yours with its tint of pink. But this child fell sick ; and she now lies on her bed, pale as the sheet that rests on her breast.

Dear rose, I know that when she sees you the pink hue will come back to her cheeks, and the smile will come back to her lips ; and she will take you in her hand, and

kiss you, and thank me that I brought you to cheer her, and make her think of the sweet sights and scents which June brings for our joy.

You will have done some good, in your short life, dear rose! You will have sent a thrill of joy to the heart of a good child. Let us all try to do good. The drop of dew gives joy to the rose, and the rose gives joy to the child.

Now the child can give joy to some one. To whom? Let it be to the first one who wants. If we can give no more, let us give a rose; and if not a rose, why then a leaf!

EMILY CARTER.



JOHNNY AND HIS KITE.

WHAT a happy boy our Johnny was when he got his first kite! His father gave it to him for a birthday present. It was a nice large kite. It had two red stars on its face, and there was a ball of twine with it all ready for use.

Look at the picture, and you will see Johnny with the kite in one hand and the ball of twine in the other, showing his present to his mother. His sister Helen with her doll stands looking on just as much pleased as he is.

After Johnny had looked at his kite a great many times, and showed it to everybody in the house, he wanted to go right out and fly it. But he was too small a boy to do that without having some help.

I don't know what he would have done if he had not had an Uncle John. But he did have an Uncle John, who was not too old or too proud to take part in the plays of children (I pity anybody who is); and, when this Uncle John saw what was wanted, he said, —

“Now, Johnny, my boy, just wait till to-morrow morning, and we will go out and fly the kite. That kite is bound to be in the sky before it is twenty-four hours older.”

“Hurrah!” said Johnny: “won't we have fun!”

“May I go too?” asked Helen.

“Of course, you may,” said Uncle John, giving her a kiss. “We will all go together.”

So the next day all three started out. It was a bright summer day. The flowers were all in blossom, and the air was sweet with the smell of new-mown hay. They passed a field where a man was mowing; and they stopped a moment to look at him. How the tall grass went down at every sweep of his scythe!



At last they came to a place which Uncle John said was a good one for flying a kite.

"You shall pitch it, Johnny," said he. "Stand right here on this hill, and let the kite go when I call out '*Now*.'"

Then he took hold of the string, while Johnny stood with a beating heart waiting for the word. Pretty soon a smart puff of wind came full in his face.

"Now!" said Uncle John. Up went the kite, and off went Uncle John. Johnny and Helen ran after him with their eyes fixed on the kite. First it fluttered and drooped a little as though it had half a mind to come down. Then it shot up higher, higher, and higher.

"Now, Johnny," said Uncle John, when he had let out nearly the whole length of the string, "come and take hold here yourself. Hold on tight! Don't let it carry you away!"

"I can hold it," said Johnny. "Look at me, Helen!" And he stood there as proud as could be, gazing up at his kite.

Then Helen wanted to hold it. Then they sat down on the grass, and held it together. Then Uncle John cut a little piece of paper, and sent it up on the string as a messenger. It was such grand fun, that the children would have staid there all day if they could have had their way.

But after a while Uncle John said it was time to take down the kite; for they must be going home.

"Give me the string, Johnny," said he: "I will wind it up."

"Let me wind it myself," said Johnny.

"Very well. Take it in carefully," said Uncle John. And he showed him how to do it. Johnny got along nicely for a few minutes; but all of a sudden, as he was winding the twine over the stick, the kite gave a harder pull than usual, the stick slipped through his fingers, and away it went.

Dear me! what a time there was then. The wind was carrying the kite straight towards the pond. The stick with the string tied to it was dragging over the ground so fast, that it was soon out of reach.

But Uncle John dashed after it. He climbed over two fences ; he rushed through a hedge ; he sprang over a ditch ; he caught hold of the kite-string, which had got entangled in a tree ; and at last, to Johnny's great delight, he brought the kite safely back with the loss only of a few yards of twine.

You should have heard the story of the loss and rescue of the kite as told by Johnny and Helen when they got home.

"And, mamma," said Johnny, after he had talked himself almost out of breath, "*if it hadn't been for Uncle John*, we never should have seen that kite again."

UNCLE JOHN.



THE POND-LILY.

SEE, Robert is trying to pluck a pond-lily to give to his sister Mary ! Look out that you do not fall into the pond, Robert ! The lily is sweet ; but it would be sad to have you lose your hold, and fall into the water.



THE THUNDER-STORM.

IT had been quite a warm day; and Kate and Charles had been in the fields to see the men mow the grass, and spread it out to dry.

As soon as the grass was dry, the men would rake it up, so that they could pitch it on their cart, and then take it to the barn.

When the time got to be four o'clock, the sky grew dark with great black clouds, and the wind blew. "We shall have a rain-storm," said

the men ; “and we have not got all our hay in.”

Charles and Kate ran into the house, and the dog went with them. He thought he should like to be out of the way of the storm, as well as the rest of the folks.

Charles and Kate sat down by the win'dow; and then the light'ning began to flash and the thun'der to peal. “Is it not a grand sight?” said Charles.

But their moth'er came in, and said to them, “You must not sit at the win'dow while there is a thun'der-storm. The mid'dle of the room is the best place for us. Come and sit here.”

Soon the storm was over; and then the sun shone out clear and bright, and there was a fine rain'bow.



FISH FOR DINNER.

SEE the three children in the kitchen! The folks are to have fish for dinner. Bridget the cook is fixing the fire; and Jane, the small girl, has taken a loaf of bread from the cupboard.

In the tub on the floor are some fish ; and two have been taken out of the tub, and laid on the floor. James leans on the bench, and looks into the tub. Little Ann rests both hands on the side of the tub, and looks at the fish ; but Ellen puts her finger near the mouth of the two on the floor, to see if they will bite.

When we have fish for dinner, I think of the poor men who go out in their boats to catch them. A fisherman's life is a hard one. Sometimes he leaves the shore when the sky is fair, but no sooner is he some miles off from the land than the clouds will rise, and a dark, wild storm will come on, and heap up the big waves around his small boat, so that he will be in great danger.

Sometimes there will come a calm ; and he will have to stay in his boat all night, while his wife and children at home are longing to see him, and sending up prayers for his safe return.

I once knew a fisherman, who, on a dark night, when the sea was calm, lay down on the deck of his small sail-boat to sleep. He had just got into a doze when he was roused by the sound of a steamboat coming near.

He started up, and saw the steamboat coming fast right towards him. He shouted and shouted ; but no one heard his voice. On came the steamboat ; and he had just time to catch hold of a rope that hung from the bow, when his own boat was hit in the middle and sunk.

By holding on to the rope the man was saved. He climbed up the side of the steamboat, and jumped on the deck. He was a poor man, and the loss of his boat was a sad thing for him ; but he felt grate'ful to God that his life was saved.

Such are some of the dangers which men have to run in order that we may have fish for dinner.

ANNA LIVINGSTON.



A TAME BEAR.

THE bear that I mean was a tame bear, who was kept, like a dog, at home in a house. He was not the tame bear, of whom you may have heard, who once walked into a school-room, and scared the scholars.

No: this bear was found, when he was quite young, by a man who gave him such a long name that I shall tell you only the first part of it, which was Tig.

When Tig was small, he was fed on milk, and was quite gentle. When he grew larger, he was good-natured but rough. He would leap, like a great dog, on folks who came up to play with him.

Sometimes his master took him into the parlor when he had company; but, as Tig tore the ladies' dresses by putting his rough paws on them, he was told he must not come into the parlor any more.

His master was a professor in a college; and one day Tig followed him to the chapel, and went in, scaring all the people, so that they ran from him, this way and that. His master did not know what Tig was about all this time.

Tig went up the aisle of the chapel into a pew. All the students stared to see a great black bear come in, as if to hear prayers with the rest of the folks. Tig's master had to come down from the pulpit, and lead him home.

Tig grew to be so rough, at last, that his master had to send him into the country. Tig was placed in the care of a man who sometimes had to drive in his sled through the woods, over very bad roads, where there were stumps.

Once, when he was driving over one of these bad roads, Tig was in the sled with him. Tig did not like to be jolted. Soon he began to hold on to the man so as to keep himself steady. Then, when the road grew worse, he held on more tightly and began to growl.

All this time the man had hard work to keep himself on the sled; and, as Tig growled worse and worse at every jolt, the man began to grow frightened. Tig held on with his great paws tighter and tighter.

At last the poor bear could endure the jolting no longer; and after giving to the man's shoulder a parting grip, which almost crushed the breath out of his body, off Tig leaped, with a growl, and lighted on the back of the poor horse.

This scared the horse so that he began to run; and the faster he ran, the tighter Tig hugged him, till at last the sled was overturned, and the man was thrown out. Then off ran the horse, faster and faster, with the big black bear on his back, growling and holding on with all his might.

When the horse was almost frightened to death, Tig got tired of holding on, and sprang off from his back, and ran into the woods. The horse, having got rid of the bear, stopped until the man came up, and drove home.

Tig staid in the woods several days, but at last got hungry, and came back to the man's house. The man did not take him again in his sled over that rough road.





